

From Horace the Second... to Horace the First— some very good advice about Ipana and Massage



**Never let "Pink Tooth Brush" threaten your smile—
Help guard your gums with Ipana and Massage.**

DAD'S MARVELOUS! Gee whiz, he does fractions as easy as teacher. But there was one lesson dad didn't know—he'd never even heard about "pink tooth brush"—about the importance of gum massage to sound teeth and firm, healthy gums.

But dad knows all about gum massage now—and

mother does, too—and their smiles are brighter! And the credit goes to Horace, Jr.—and to his teacher. For nowadays, in so many schools, children are being taught that *gums* as well as teeth need special care.

For, robbed of vigorous chewing and work by our modern soft and creamy foods, gums tend to become weak and sensitive—and, all too often, flash that warning of trouble, a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *consult your dentist immediately*. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. So often, though, his verdict is, "just another case of lazy gums—gums that need more work and exercise." And, like so many mod-

ern dentists, he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to keep teeth sparkling but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums. Circulation increases within the gum tissues. Gums tend to become firmer, healthier. Teeth sparkle with a new cleanness and lustre.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of other men and women, to brighter teeth and firmer, healthier gums—a brilliant, attractive smile.

Let Ipana and Massage be your way to a Brighter Smile!



Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush

—The brush with the TWISTED HANDLE (see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.

JAN. 7, 1939

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Collier's

January 7, 1939

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Next Week

MONSIEUR ACHILLE LAPUCELLE, teacher in the College of St. Ambroix in France, knew about Indians. At an early age he had found out all about them from the works of James Fenimore Cooper. Fate played him a nasty trick when he was chosen to go, as exchange professor, to a college in Oklahoma. Achille LaPucelle could hardly conceal his terror.

He had better reason than you might think, though he didn't recognize the first Indian he saw. It happened to be Ona Birdsong, the acting dean, who immediately took the Frenchman in hand. The romantic and terrifying developments are set down by Richard Connell.

TWICE within the last few years the British government has backed down hastily and with little or no grace—once in the dispute with Italy about Ethiopia, again in the peace of Munich. In both cases the threat to which England yielded was the superior air force of her adversaries. Italy (it was whispered) would blow the British fleet out of the water. Germany (said the dark rumor) would wipe out the British isles. Could they have done it? Could they even have demoralized the civilians? Winston Churchill thinks not. "Let the Tyrant Criminals Bomb" is his answer to the threat of death from the sky.

IT'S not easy to believe that having too many of the good things of life can be worse than not having enough. Lorna Culver came to believe it, though, when she began to see what success, judged by Hollywood standards, was doing to her husband and to her marriage. Her solution was as simple as it was successful. "Two for the Money" is a short story by Harlan Ware.

WHEN the thermometer goes up there's a boom in the tomato market. A cold wave means increased demand for cabbage. With you it's a matter of taste; to Fred Vahlsing, who runs the biggest vegetable patch in the world, it's the basis of a nationwide system of supply. J. D. Ratcliff takes you to Texas to see how your wants are anticipated.

THE party at the countess' would have been completely delightful if Robin Carter hadn't met Constance and if Constance hadn't been engaged to Kurt von Hagen and if it hadn't been for the "Guns to the South." Struthers Burt describes it.

HANNAH LEES, Georges Surdez, Quentin Reynolds, Agatha Christie, Octavus Roy Cohen, Freling Foster and others complete the list.

This Week

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COVER

JARO FABRY

Any Week

IF YOUR memory is fairly retentive you may recall that Martian terror that almost sank the New York district some time back. Well, on that dreadful night a friend of Mr. E. Roy Taylor of Meridian, Mississippi, was partaking of a bottle of popskull. When an excited citizen entered the popskull parlor bearing the news, Mr. Taylor's friend bolted six fingers of the stuff and inquired whether the Martians were headed that way. Assured that they were, he asked whether they had crossed Kemper County yet. They had not. "Set 'em up again," said Mr. Taylor's friend, "and shake the bottle so's we can git some gumption into the glass. When Kemper County gets through with them we folks can handle them between drinks."



NOT from Kemper County is Mr. George T. Thombe of Fort Worth, Texas. And yet Mr. Thombe is no pacifist. "I never met an editor," says Mr. Thombe, "but I got a feeling I ain't missed much. I guess I read as many magazines as the next man, but I never read one right through that I didn't get mad before finishing it. How big is the average editor? I feel pretty mad. Who did you ever lick? And if so, who did they ever lick?"

BUT we're having a little trouble just now with a number of ladies and gentlemen who read Frank Condon's "Local Ghost Makes Good"—a piece that dealt largely with the late Jesse James. We dislike this controversy because we've always been pretty fond of Mr. James and have cherished his memory. These correspondents who find fault with Mr. Condon's facts soften up Mr. James a lot—and we don't like it. Mrs. Minna W. McGroter of St. Joseph, Missouri, forgets herself so far as to refer to him as Jessie. Mr. James was no Jessie, Mrs. McGroter. And Mr. Harry F. Billup of San Antonio, Texas, tells us that he can prove that Jesse James "outside of a few robberies which he did for the poor never raised his hand in anger at any man outside the Civil War." We try to imagine Mr. James' rage were he to read that. And Mr. Frank J. Price of Queens Village, New York City, assures us that Mr. James was not born in St. Joseph, Missouri (which he wasn't), and that he didn't make the Ozarks

famous and that Mr. Condon's dates are all cockeyed. But the letter that lifts us out of our resentment comes from Mrs. Cherry Loftus of Columbia, Missouri. "If," says Mrs. Loftus, "Jesse James was living today I'd vote for him."

WHILE in this historical humor we give you Mrs. Burt Ravenscraft of Mena, Arkansas, the home of our personal candidate for President, Colonel Bob Berry. She rushes to her family scrapbooks and sends us a lovely piece written in 1870 in Brainerd's Musical World, of Cleveland, Ohio. "Tomorrow evening," it read, "Camilla Urso, artist, harmonic angel, musical goddess, will lift souls to heaven (and a little beyond it) by a sacred concert at California Theater. Her sacred concert, as far as promoting a holy adoration of God and His works is concerned, will discount all the sermons preached by all the parsons tomorrow. Go; and if thou hast a soul worthy of heaven, learn to realize that its beatific estate may be consistent with that strain of music said to be there raised perpetually toward the Throne. Oh, Camilla! Oh, Urso! Oh, Lord!"

HOWEVER, we're more than mildly interested just now in a proposal by Miss M. Emma McGowdy of Lawrence, Massachusetts. "Who'll join me in making 1939 a Mind-Our-Own-Business Year?" cries Miss McGowdy. "Faithfully observed, such a year devoted to washing our own soiled linen and mending our own pants will solve our internal and external problems. Why not? We've had Visit-Your-Dentist Week, Curb-Your-Dog Week, Prune Week, Antimental-Breakdown Week. Let America mind her own business for a year and reap the Great Reward."



AND a splendid thing it is to know that. Which reminds us that Dr. Julius Derminger of Chicago, Illinois, would regulate the tenure of office of all public servants by the point system. "Make every officeholder state his future policy every three months and justify it by proving what he says," writes the doctor. "For every time he's wrong give him ten demerits. Thirty demerits and out he goes."

MUST like parades.

W. D.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Before a Japanese completes his three- to five-year course in jujitsu in order to become a trainer, he is obliged to experience the sensation of being choked into insensibility. If it does not happen to him in a contest, his own instructor does the job on graduation day.—By Charles B. Yerkow, New York City.

When Madero opposed Diaz for the presidency of Mexico in 1910, Diaz had Madero and his wife banned from all hotels in the cities where he went to give campaign speeches. In retaliation, the following year, Madero wrote a book on the injustice of the Diaz government, which resulted in its downfall through a revolution.

Of the 92 chemical elements, 32 have been found in meteorites.—By Dr. Alan Tuggle, New York City.

Diet deficiency diseases have been found in animals, both wild and domesticated. Birds suffer from a condition similar to beriberi, pigs have rickets, and monkeys and guinea pigs develop scurvy.—By Glenn Y. Williamson, El Paso, Illinois.

Although the United States as a whole averages about 160 births for every 100 deaths, only one of our almost 100 cities of more than 100,000 population has more births than deaths.—By Anthony T. Germano, Bronxville, New York.

Many aristocratic families in Boston employ a gentleman to call at their homes weekly to wind, set and regulate their eight-day clocks. The fee for this service is \$60 a year.—By Wallace A. Shambow, Boston, Massachusetts.

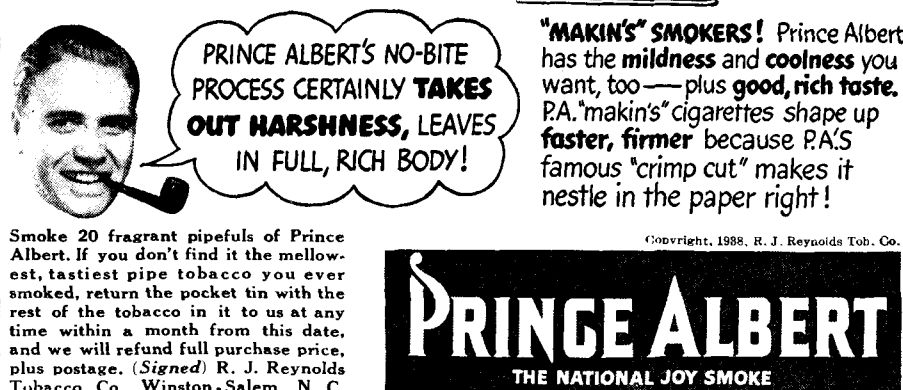
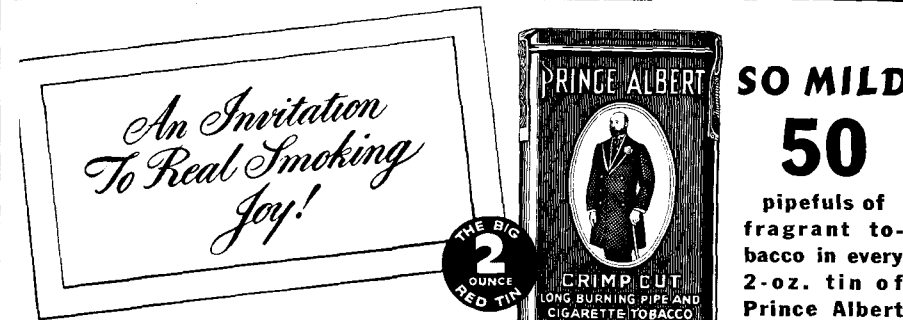
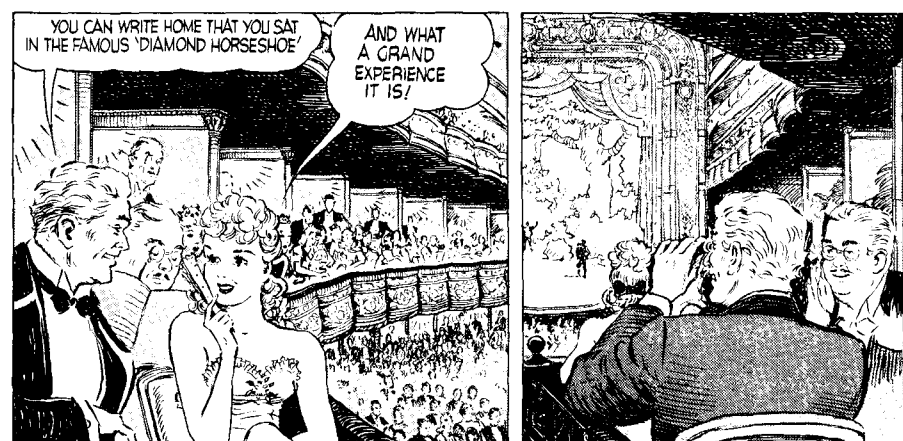
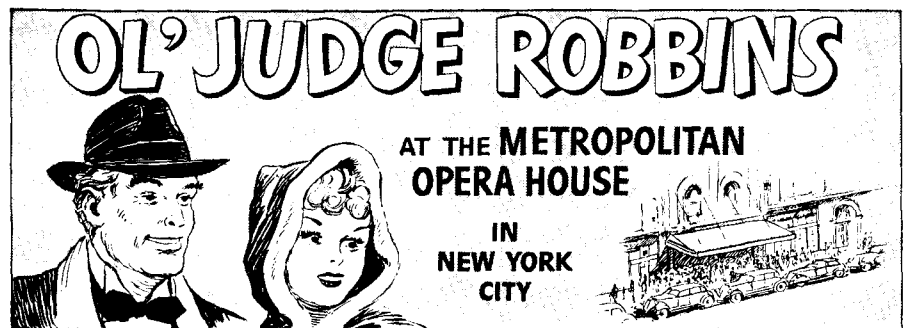
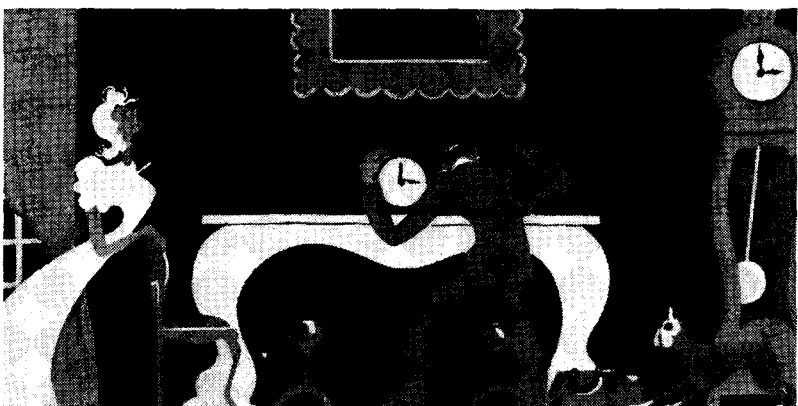
Nearly every member of the Civilian Conservation Corps has increased his weight soon after enrollment. One survey showed that 4,100 men had gained an average of 6.04 pounds within two months, another that 14,000 men had made an average gain of 7.27 pounds within six months.—By John W. Adams, Pierce, Idaho.

In 1901, when the few automobiles in the world had a difficult time traveling at from ten to fifteen miles an hour, Henri Fournier, a famous French motorist, had a machine that could go seventy miles an hour.—By Annette V. Stevens, University City, Missouri.

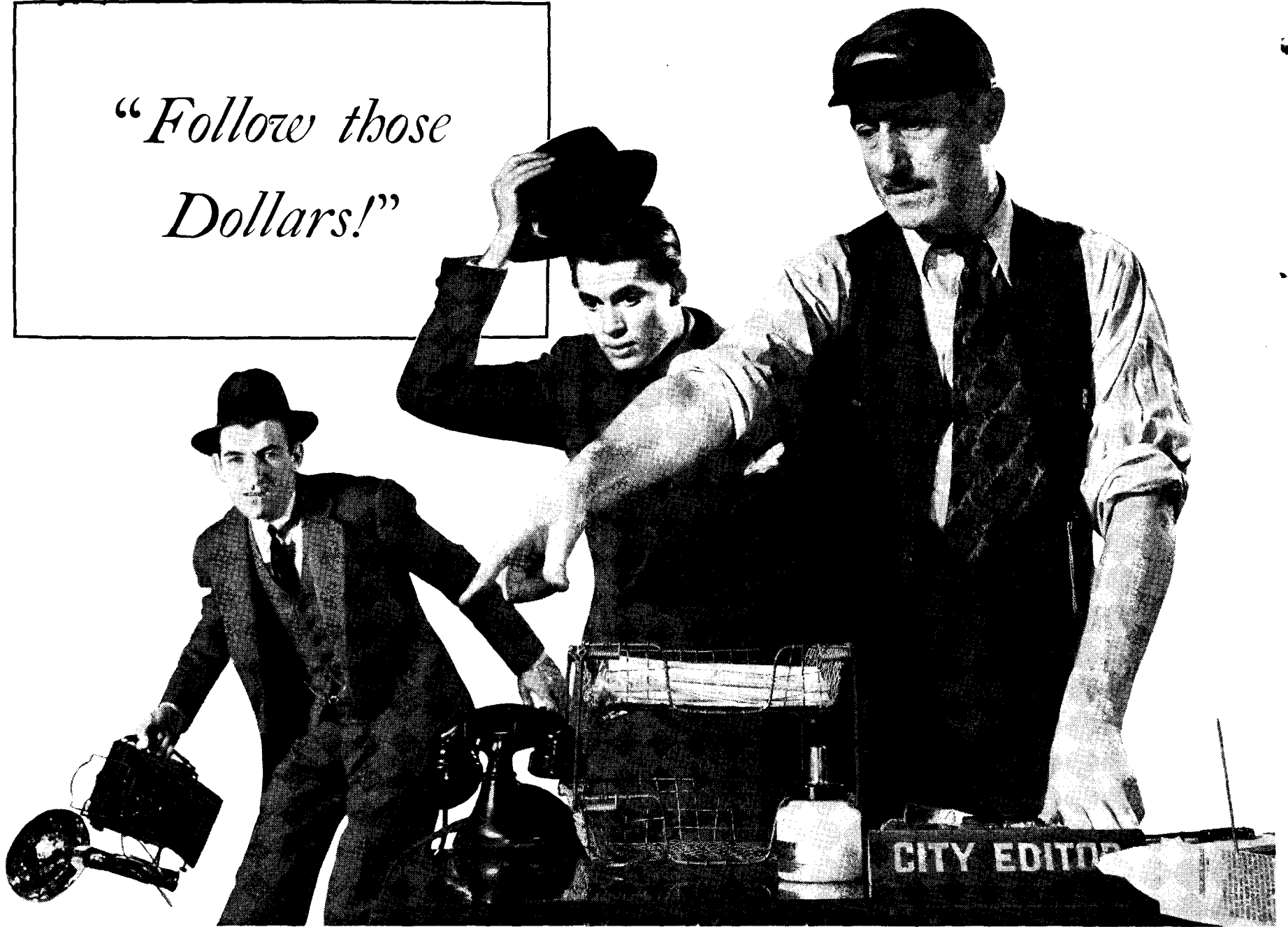
There are several islands in the South Pacific, notably Tahiti, where the tidal influence of the sun equals or exceeds that of the moon. Consequently these tides come and go at approximately the same hours instead of having the daily fifty-minute retardation that occurs in most of the world.—By John G. Fawcett, New York City.

As late as 1912, New York City still had a large number of arson cases because fire insurance was issued with little or no investigation. To demonstrate this situation dramatically, the fire department furnished a room with \$3.96 worth of property, and firemen in plain clothes got it insured for \$127,500.—By Thomas F. Wagner, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

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"Follow those Dollars!"



SUPPOSE a city editor gave his star reporter this assignment:

"Follow those dollars! They're going to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in payment of premiums. There they will mingle with other dollars received by the company as income from its investments. Find out what happens to those dollars...what they go for...and *why!*"...Here's what that reporter would find:



Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries. Part of each dollar helps to meet death claims that become payable during the year. *But...* the total amount of death claims in any one year is by no means entirely paid from dollars received during that year. *A part of all death*



claims, and *all* matured endowments, and *all* cash paid upon surrender of policies, comes from "reserves."

In fact, about 70% of *all* payments made by Metropolitan to its policyholders and their beneficiaries during 1937 came from dollars received in earlier years and accumulated in the company's reserve funds.

Reserves. Just as part of all payments to policyholders comes from reserves, so part of each dollar received goes into reserves to meet future payments.

To make sure that all life insurance policies will be paid when they become due, sound company practice and the law require that a reserve fund be maintained.

A legal reserve life insurance company also carries a special contingency reserve or surplus fund...an additional guarantee that claims will be paid even in times of emergencies, such as great epidemics or economic distress.

These funds—which eventually go back to policyholders—are invested at the best rate of interest that can be earned with safety.

Expenses and Taxes. Part of each dollar is spent for taxes, and for running the company.

There is the compensation of the men and women



who work in the Home Office and in the Field. There is the cost of carrying on the public welfare activities of the company, which tend to help people live longer.

And there is the expense required for careful supervision and wise investment of the money held by the company...for each and every insurance policy must be safe, come what may.

"Dividends." What is a life insurance dividend? In a mutual company such as Metropolitan, it is this:

After the premiums and interest from investments have been credited... after payments to policyholders and beneficiaries and expenses have been met... after the reserves and margin of safety have been provided for... and the company finds that the money received



exceeds the money that was actually needed, this difference is returned to the policyholders as dividends.

This is what happens to Metropolitan Life insurance dollars. No part of them is spent for any purpose...any activity... that is not in the interest of and for the benefit of the company's policyholders.

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This is Number 9 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Big Boy

By Fred R. Hennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC HURST

"Bus drivers is a dime a dozen," said Miss Shirdella Flanagan. But it seems that Miss Flanagan just didn't know the half of it

YOU could just simply deliver Miss Shirdella Flanagan from having to go to a school like Briarheath College for Women. The general public might consider it perfectly okay for a rich girl that her father does not know what to do with his money to be sent where she can have a higher education and waste her time studying French and fencing with silly swords and organ music. But any thinking person that works, for instance, in Ye College Beautye Shoppe that is practically the same as connected with Briarheath, can see the other side to it, alrighty.

Not that such a girl is talking sour grapes, either, because even although she may have to work hard for a living and may not possess the snooty polish of her verbal expression that is half the time mere show, why such a girl certainly does not envy the poor things that go to Briarheath. In fact, Shirdella really and truly pitied any girl that her parents made her attend the college. Because if you are a Briarheath student you are like in jail and dead to the world so far as fellas are concerned. You are shut up in a campus behind a high stone wall and don't dast so much as look at a fella in Charlestown, few as they are, and as for having a date with a fella in St. Louis, why that is the same as getting expelled and sent home in disgrace.

Shirdella never had such a true inkling of this, how it was Briarheath's worst drawback, as the day the college went and hired a new driver for the bus. Three Briarheath students—Pateman, Norcross and Breckinridge—came in for shampoos and finger waves. Sally and Ruth weren't busy, so they grabbed Pateman and Breckinridge that were kinda sweet kids, and Shirdella got stuck with Norcross as soon as she finished Mrs. Lance's permanent. Norcross was a big athaletic thing that played field hockey and alla time got her hair full of dust and never tipped more'n twenty-five cents, the cheapskate tightwad that her folks had millions.

WELL, anyways, what do you think these high-tone blue bloods was full of, poor things? All about this new driver for the college bus.

"Prexy must be cracking up," Breckinridge said. "Big Boy cain't be mo' than twenty-fo' an' he's got the cutest dimple in his chin!"

"I'll bet Dean McCurragh hired him. She's a case for a psychiatrist!" Pateman said from her booth.

In her booth, Norcross, the big silly, giggled and said to Shirdella: "Clark Gable's making a personal appearance over at The Prison. You should see!"

Before Shirdella could make any remark, Pateman yelled from the next booth: "Don't let Ireland in on Big Boy, Butch! No dibs. He's ours!"

"He's mine!" Breckinridge yelled in her Southern accent. "I saw him first an' fell right smack daown the chapel steps, I did fo' a fact!"

Shirdella still did not get a chance to make a remark, because these poor things with all their advantages of life



So this was Clark Taylor Tracy, hunh? Hully gee! Right off'n the farm!

being in a simply man-crazy way about how good-looking the Big Boy fella was and how he blushed and how so many Briarheath girls thought he was a combination Clark Gable-Robert Taylor-Spencer Tracy type and how Dean McCurragh had a pash on him already. Big Boy, they predicted, would soon have it all over Prof. Thurman Slawson Bradhurst that they called Angel Face as the main Briarheath crush.

"Yea, bo'!" said Norcross, as Shirdella began to wash half the hockey field out of her frizzly bobbed hair. "The great Thurman Slawson Bradhurst will soon be an also-ran. The spiritual type can't stay in there against a he-man like Big Boy!"

Shirdella sniffed grimly.

"Bus drivers is a dime a dozen," she said.

This remark amused Miss Norcross mightily and she relayed it to Breckinridge and Pateman. They got a big kick out of it, too, although Shirdella failed to see what was so awful humorous. You might think from the way the big sillies acted that this Big Boy was the answer to a maiden's prayer or somepin. It simply made Shirdella feel sorry for them to think that these Briarheath girls was so hard up to look at a man that they would fall over themselves, even in a kidding way, because of a bus driver like he. It was bad enough the way they acted and talked about Prof. Thurman Slawson Bradhurst that was organist in the college chapel and taught music besides. Angel Face—h'mph—the slick, sly phony baloney. But a bus driver—

"Would you wish a manicure today, Miss Norcross?"

"Heck no. I should waste my papa's hard-earned money on a manicure when we're going on a botany field trip this afternoon?" Then, Miss Norcross whooped: "Big Boy is going to drive us. Hey, Texas, don't you wish you'd taken botany?"

Miss Breckinridge giggled.

"I get to ride all the way to the art museum with him tomorrow. Y'all don't know it yet, but we may elope!"

SHIRDELLA truly pitied Pateman and Breckinridge and Norcross, but the Briarheath student she had always felt sorriest for was the girl who came into the beauty shop just as the others were romping out.

"Howdy, Sedley!"

"Hi-yah, kid. Nice going at the recital."

"Lo, Sedley."

This girl said "Hello" and "Thank you, Sue," coloring painfully. She hurried straight into Shirdella's booth and sat down. She shifted a portfolio of music sheets from under her arm to her lap and immediately began to study them.

"Tar soap, Miss Sedley?"

"Yes, please, Miss Flanagan."

"It's got such a swell set I kinda hate to muss it up."

"Give it a good scrubbing—smells of cigarette smoke."

"Okay."

Shirdella thoroughly approved of Miss Mary Sedley, poor little motherless kid. Her dad lived in New York and other Briarheath girls had let it be known that old man Sedley had scads of money. But Miss Mary certainly never dressed like it and wore cheap but awfully neat clothes and never put on any airs. Every Friday afternoon she came to the beauty shop for a shampoo and a manicure. She was so shy that she never ganged up with other students and did not take much interest in their silliness but was all time studying music.

"I hear you got a new bus driver."

"Why, yes, I believe so."

"They say he's a movie actor in disguise or somepin."

"That must be meant to be a joke."

"Yeah, I presume it must be, though they certainly act silly going around town raving about um; I mean girls of their class taking such an interest in a working boy. It'll be sure to turn his head and the poor guy'll get fired."

Mary Sedley nodded.

"It's disgusting," she said. "Perhaps, though, it will turn their attention from Professor Bradhurst and spare him any more embarrassment."

"You mean about calling him Angel Face?"

"And all the rest of it. Merely because he happens to be young and handsome they seem to forget that he is a dignified and talented person—much too able to waste himself on this school!"

"Oh . . . yeah . . . unhunh."

SENSING some skepticism in Shirdella's voice, Miss Sedley showed her one of the music sheets. It seemed like why Prof. Bradhurst could not only play the organ but he could make up pieces for it outa his own head.

"But is it any good, do you s'pose?" Shirdella said politely.

"It's the most beautiful fugue ever written by a modern composer!" said Miss Sedley. Then, in a kinda dreamy way, as Shirdella turned on the rinse water, she added: "He's going to let me play it at the next recital!"

"That'll be nice," said Shirdella.

Thus, Shirdella was not one bit deceived when, while she was only half finished putting the final polish to Miss Sedley's manicure, the poor little thing said: "That will have to do, Miss Flanagan. I'm in a hurry!" She jumped up and tipped Shirdella a whole dollar and almost ran out of the beauty shop. Shirdella followed her to the door in time to see Mary Sedley overtake Prof. Thurman Slawson Bradhurst on the sidewalk.

"Aw-aw!" Sally said. "Look who's tagging after Angel Face now!"

"She hadta ask him about an examination or somepin," said Shirdella, loyally.

But Shirdella was so provoked she would of liked to of gone right out and give Prof. Bradhurst a good piece of her mind. Him lifting his hat off'n those pretty-boy curls that he was so fussy to Mac with about cutting them so they would wave. Him bowing and smiling all over his face to an innocent baby like little Sedley. Jest look at um, holding her hand. Shirdella had manicured Prof. Bradhurst once and once was enough; you can tell the snake-in-the-grass kinda fella by the way he tries to get personal with his fingers. Ugh. . . .

"Hey, Shirdella. Manicure!"

It was Mac calling from the barber-shop next door. While Shirdella was getting her kit, Ruthie took a peek at the customer.

"Big Boy!" she whispered. "What a break!"

"Oh, yeah?" said Shirdella.

Well, this fella they called Big Boy and was so all steamed up about was sitting up in Mac's barber chair getting the works. And if anybody thought Shirdella was gonna act like a giggly, twisty man-crazy Briarheath student they could just take another thought for themselves.

"Manicure, sir?"

"Yuh!" said Big Boy, blushing.

Mac said: "This is Miss Flanagan, Mr. Kreeble. Mr. Kreeble is the new driver at the college."

Shirdella nodded distantly.

"Yeah?" she said.

Big Boy stuck out his right paw, knocking the finger bowl off the chair arm.

"How yuh?" said Mr. Kreeble.

"I'm fine," said Shirdella, picking up the bowl. "We'll take the left hand first, please."

So this was Clark Taylor Tracy, hunh? Hully gee! Right off'n the farm and hayseed in his ears. And those hands! Hully gee! Shirdella had tackled some tough jobs in her career, but Big Boy was the positively worst ever. You could tell from looking at them that he had never had a manicure before.

"You ain't been giving your hands much attention lately," Shirdella remarked.

"Nuh. . . . I been mighty careless."

"Dean McCurragh phoned that we was to slick him all up," said Mac, who knew all. "You certainly got a fine, thick head of hair, Mr. Keeble."

"Yuh? I ain't paid much attention to it."

At first Shirdella thought this was jest the old false-modesty malarkey that good-lookers try to hand you sometimes. But she noticed that Big Boy did not look at his manly beauty in the glass even once and was really, truly embarrassed. He twisted awful uncomfortable and Mac found out he was sitting on a revolver. Big Boy explained, in an agony of mortification, that the college wanted him to carry it so he could guard the students from being kidnaped.

"I been in the U. S. Army," he added.

"Oh . . . was you an officer?"

"Noncom. Sergeant."

"Didja like it in the Army?"

"Yuh, but no dough. A man wants to marry."

Shirdella laughed.

"Who's the lucky girl?"

"Ain't none. I'm looking around," Mr. Kreeble said.

"Well, there's lots of rich and pretty girls at the college."

Mr. Kreeble grunted, as Mac pushed him down for a shave.

"Nuh, not me," he said. "A man wants to stand on his own feet."

By this time, Shirdella had changed her original opinion as to Big Boy. It seems like why a girl gets a lot of pre-received notions concerning a fella and all of a sudden she meets him and finds out different. Shirdella had never experienced an honest pair of hands on a fella; they was broad and thick but not too hairy and kinda sunburned brown with real but not rough calluses.

"I'm afraid we're gonna hafta work on these nails at the table," Shirdella said, because she wasn't half through when Mac finished giving Mr. Kreeble the works. "The cuticle is in awful condition."

Big Boy backed away.

"Next time, Miss Flanagan," he said, "I got to go now. I'm meeting the train."

"But you really oughtn't ta neglect—"

He handed Shirdella a fifty-cent tip and blurted: "You should go to the college. You got it all over them girls!"

Then Big Boy fled.

MAC, the goof, laughed and kidded Shirdella as to what a fast worker she was and then, jest outa sheer meanness, went and told Ruthie and Sally what Mr. Kreeble had said. As though Shirdella had done anything to flatter Mr. Kreeble or anything but a conscientious job of work on his nails, which needed it, Pete knows, and as for Mr. Kreeble's remark as to her looks he was not the first man who had passed such remarks.

"I simply feel sorry for um, that's all," Shirdella said, her very last word on the subject. "I hate to think of any big honest fella like he amongst all those man-crazy girls at the college."

Truer words were never spoken and not in mere jest.

Three days later, Mr. Kreeble stopped the Briarheath bus in front of the beauty shop and honked. Shirdella, who had a customer, made Ruthie go out to see what he wanted. Mr. Kreeble, it seemed, wanted to have private words with Miss Flanagan. So Shirdella turned her cus-

tomers over to Ruthie—losing a fifteen-cent tip—and went out to the bus.

"I got to have a woman's advice, Miss Flanagan," said Big Boy, in a husky, embarrassed tone, "and you're the only one around here I even know the name of yet."

Well, it turned out that some silly Briarheath student had developed a crush on Mr. Kreeble and had sent him a gold wrist watch that must of cost a hundred dollars or at least seventy-five. The note that came with the watch was anonymous and said: "From a devoted admirer. Guess who?"

Mr. Kreeble explained: "The kid, whoever she is, could get in trouble doing this. The watch ain't a bit of use to me as if I was to wear it they might ask questions. I thought maybe I'd tell Dean McCurragh or go see Dr. Hubnell about it, but that might get the kid in trouble, too. I'm sure in a spot."

AT FIRST Shirdella thought maybe Mr. Kreeble did know who had sent the watch and was just kinda advertising to a certain girl that a certain fella was popular in high society.

"Have you done any favors for any student?" she asked.

Big Boy pinched the dimple in his chin.

"Yuh. One, I did!" he answered right out. "A kid named Sedley."

"Mary Sedley?"

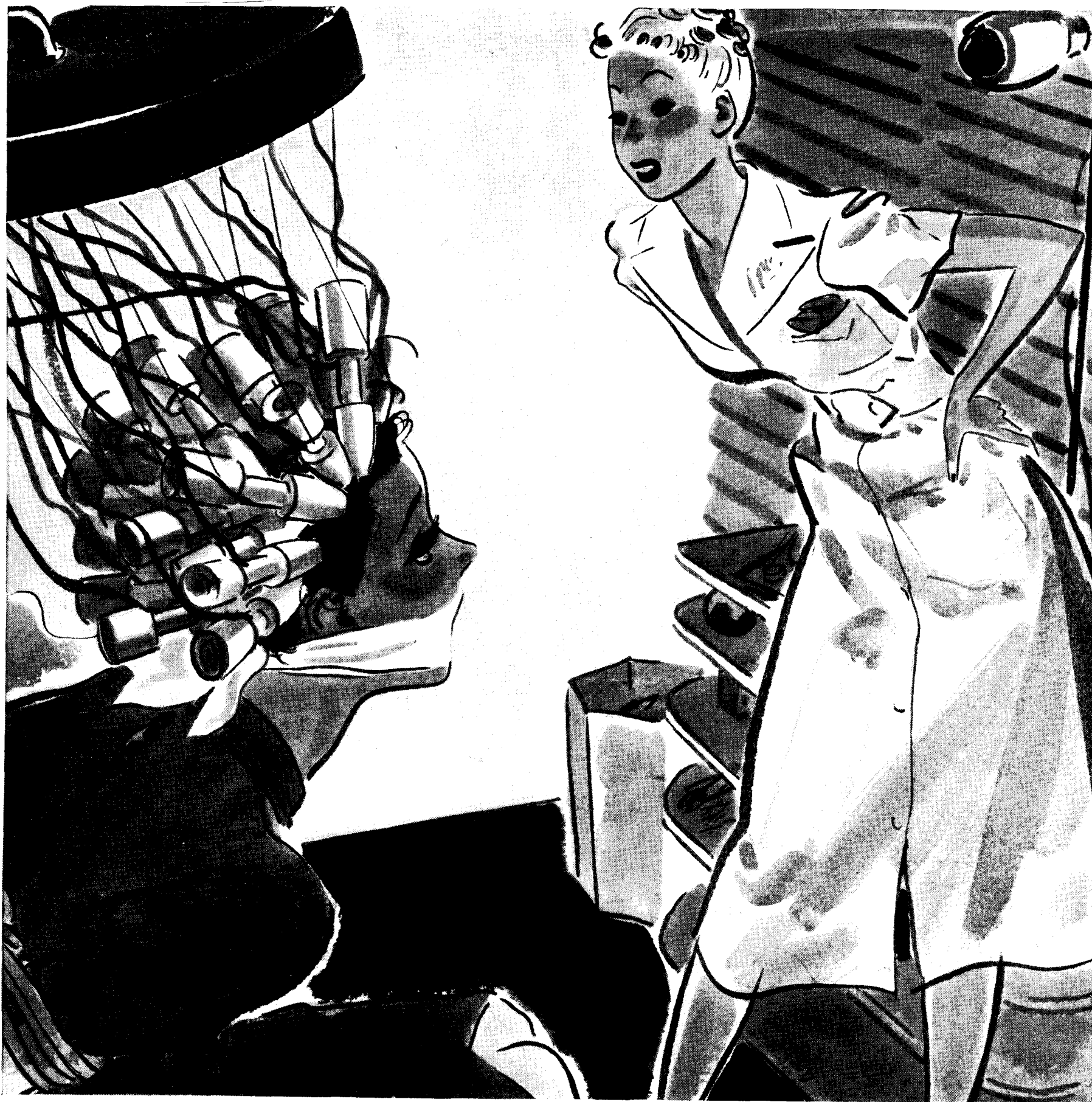
"I dunno her first name. Skinny little gal with pretty brown hair and big eyes. Yuh. Big eyes."

"What was the favor?"

Mr. Kreeble didn't want to tell, but Shirdella made him see that his own



"He won't try to run off with her"



Shirdella simply hadta get tough and tie her in the chair and put a towel gag in her mouth

moral reputation was prob'ly at stake. So finally Mr. Kreeble admitted that he had allowed Mary Sedley to leave the bus in front of the Jefferson Memorial in Forest Park when she was supposed to come straight back to school from a visit to the dentist. Mr. Kreeble further confessed that he had killed time at the Zoo for an hour, at Mary Sedley's tearful behest, and then had picked her up again.

"You shouldn't of done that," said Shirdella promptly. "She was prob'ly meeting a man, and I got a good idea who the snake-in-the-grass is."

Big Boy blinked.

"A quiet little gal like her? Nuh."

"Yep. And I tell you what you do.

You gimme the watch and I'll ask her about it the next time she comes in. I'll know if she's guilty or not."

"How?"

"I'll jest know, that's all. A girl can always tell whether another girl is lying, Mr. Kreeble."

"Yuh. I guess that's right!"

Then Shirdella hadta warn Mr. Kreeble for his own peace of mind that Briarheath was full of poor man-crazy creatures that did not know nothing about life or men and were kept cooped up by Prexy Hubnell that was a sweet, dear old soul but whose true vocation in life was to be a monk or somepin and as for Dean McCurragh she was an old maid that should of been married to a

fella that beat her every Saturday night years and years ago.

This was certainly a revelation to Mr. Kreeble.

"I guess I didn't learn so much in the U. S. Army after all," he said.

Shirdella nodded.

"College girls of their type are a kinda special problem, Mr. Kreeble," she said. "It surely is fortunate you come to somebody that has had a lotta experience with them!"

Mr. Kreeble blushed to the tips of his ears.

"Yuh . . . in more ways than one!" he said.

Be that as it may, nevertheless and regardless, Shirdella had none but the

purest motives in tackling Miss Mary Sedley about her foolish actions. In the interim Mr. Kreeble reported gifts of a five-pound box of chocolates, a ten-dollar pipe and a pair of leather house slippers—all anonymously bestowed and each accompanied by a card in different handwriting. Shirdella advised Mr. Kreeble to hold the gifts intact until she could solve the mystery. . . .

"Same as usual, Miss Flanagan!"

"Okay, Miss Sedley. And, by the way, didja happen to leave this wrist watch the last time you was in here?"

Mary Sedley was astonished.

"Why, no . . . it's a man's wrist watch. And brand-new, isn't it?"

(Continued on page 45)

Bids for the Homestead of the Free

By John T. Flynn

From the farmer's point of view Henry Wallace's program has two drawbacks: it's complicated and it requires the farmer to do something for his check. The G. O. P. has a simpler scheme: keep the dough a-comin' and ask for nothing. There's votes in it

ONE morning about the middle of last September, Brother Lemuel Corntassel went out upon his farm in Pottawatomie County, Kansas, to sow himself a couple of hundred acres of wheat. Mr. Henry Wallace, out yonder in Washington, had told him it was okay for him to sow only 200 acres, and if he would keep it down to that the said Henry Wallace would see to it that Brother Corntassel would be allowed to cut himself in for about six or seven hundred bucks next year as a reward for co-operating with Brother Henry's program.

Just at the same time a fellow named Adolf Hitler, the well-known Bavarian hell-bender, got to pulling out his guns and fingering the trigger over in Europe.

And just at this moment a grain broker in Chicago says to himself: "War! This means war, and that means these fools are going to be needing some grain to fatten their boys to kill for Christmas." So he rushed out on the floor of the Board of Trade and ups the price of wheat four or five points. A lot of other brokers get the idea and push the price up some more.

Then Farmer Corntassel comes in for lunch, just as the radio from Topeka is blasting out the midday crop reports and gossip. "War! Wheat up ten points on Chicago Board of Trade!" So Brother Corntassel says to Mrs. Corntassel: "Well, I reckon these lunatics is goin' to fight at last. Well, they'll be needin' more wheat than I can raise on just 200 acres. So I guess I won't bother about Henry Wallace's wheat program. I reckon I'll put me in another 200 acres of wheat."

Which goes to show, of course, that Munich, Germany, and Pottawatomie County, Kansas, are not so far away from each other. Or, as one of Arthur Capper's editors put it at the time: "The world is so tied up in one bag that a German drill sergeant can't kick a Bohemian in the pants without jarring the bridgework of a fellow here in Shawnee County who's out in his wheat field busy not sowing wheat."

But it is difficult to make the man on the subway in New York or in a cotton mill down in Georgia realize that he's tied up in the same bag with this wheat farmer.

Fortunately Mr. Hitler put his gun away after Mr. Chamberlain had emptied Czechoslovakia's pockets into Hitler's lap. The price of wheat slid back promptly to fifty cents. And Farmer Corntassel decided to stick by Mr. Wallace's farm program and not plant that extra 200 acres of wheat. But he went on a-muttering and a-mumbling, and on election day he went out and retired Senator McGill, co-author of the farm plan, to private life.

This farm business is, of course, all

tied up with the daily bread and the daily problems of the city man. The farmer gives the city man his daily bread and the city man gives the farmer his not so daily wages. The two are all mixed up. Furthermore, the farmer and his problems are all mixed up in politics. And that means that the city man has got to vote on them. And since the farmer now raises a good part of his crop in the federal treasury, it means the city man has got to dig into his overalls while the farmer is digging in the good earth.

But the city man doesn't know very much about the farmer's problems or even the farmer.

So as one city man I went out on the farm to see what all the shootin' was about this fall. I thought I'd stick to one representative farm state and one crop to make it easier to understand. So I went to bleeding Kansas, which, by the way, expects to bleed the U. S. Treasury to the tune of about \$37,000,000 this crop year. Here is what I found. I found that the politicians of the two great political parties are hammering and shaping and polishing up one of the two great issues for the presidential campaign in 1940—the farm issue.

Dynamite Down on the Farm

The New Deal is standing, a little wobbly at the moment, on what it and all Kansas call "the Program." The Republicans up to now haven't been standing on anything, being more or less on the flat of their backs. But they are rising to their feet and knocking together a program of their own to stand on. It begins to sound about like this: "An American Price for the American Market on the Homestead of the Free." And we'll see what that means in a minute. General and lacking in details, it nevertheless is loaded with dynamite.

The greatest piece of mass larceny committed since the rape of the Sabine women occurred when the Democrats stole the farmers from the Republicans in 1933. The Republicans want 'em back. They are getting the range for an attack on the Pope-McGill farm bill, which is the official legislative name for what is called "the Program." That bill was introduced by Senator Pope of Idaho and Senator McGill of Kansas, under the sponsorship of Henry Wallace and Franklin D. Roosevelt. A Kansas leader told me that when Pope was defeated in Idaho the G. O. P. farm high command, like Monte Cristo, said "Number One." When George McGill of Kansas was defeated for election this year to the Senate, they said: "Number Two." Now they are after Number Three, which happens to be two other fellows—Wallace and Roosevelt.

The stage setting for this rustic melo-

drama is simple enough. Kansas is the greatest piece of wheat-raising property in the world. It produces one fifth of all the wheat in the United States.

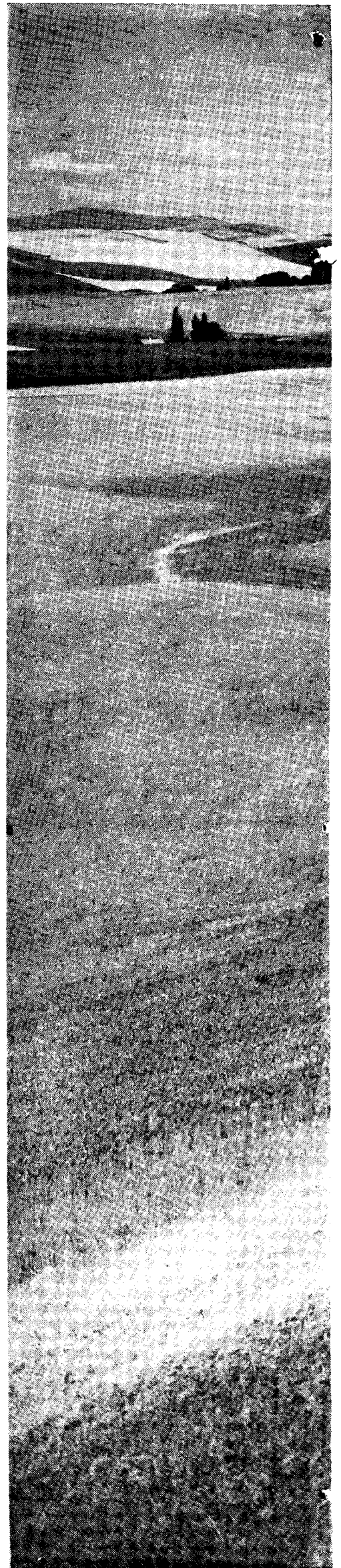
Raising wheat is probably the least laborious of all forms of farming. The farmer plows his land in July. He begins planting in September. After that he prays for rain. From then until the following June he is at the mercy of the winds, the rain, the snow, the sun, the grasshoppers and other bugs, and every two years from September to November the politicians come down on him. He begins to harvest his crop around the middle of June and likes to be done with it by July 15th. Having seen no money coming in all winter, he likes to take his wheat as soon as it is threshed to the elevator in the neighborhood, which buys it from him for cash and pays him the price quoted on the market that day. If he is well-to-do, which he probably is not, he may decide to store some of his wheat either on the farm or in an elevator and gamble on the price going higher.

A Billion Bushels Too Much

This, of course, is wheat-growing in its simplest form. The farmer may, if he is wise, have other crops—corn or sorghum or alfalfa—and graze cattle and raise chickens or turkeys. He may have a small farm of sixty acres or a large one of a thousand or two thousand or even five thousand acres and I am told there is one man in Kansas who works forty thousand acres of wheat.

There is the farmer who lives on his acres, works them intensively, making every acre count. There is what Kansans call the suitcase farmer. He owns a thousand acres, but lives in town. He plants his seed in September and then retires to his house in town for a winter of ease and goes back to the farm in June to harvest the crop. In Kansas it seemed to me everybody I talked to was a farmer. Many businessmen are suitcase farmers or operate large ranges on shares with a renter.

Now for these people the last eight years have been years of travail and woe. In 1931 they planted a bumper crop—biggest in history—the crop that broke the plains. Then the Great Depression, which had been nesting in the cities since October, 1929, began to roost on the farm. Then in 1932 and 1933 came the drought—cruel, drab, undramatized by the winds roasting the crops in the fields. It was not until 1934 and 1935, when the cyclones swept over the plains, that this disaster in all its destructive violence shocked the nation. In 1932 and 1933 the crops merely died. But in 1934 and 1935 the farms began to blow away, to quit Kansas and settle in the Atlantic Ocean. I heard women describe how they locked themselves in their houses and sat looking at each other through the almost impenetrable fogs of their own sitting rooms while the dust settled on chairs, beds, floors and on them, while outside the howling winds made off with the precious topsoil that covered the arid clay. Thousands left their farms in flivvers, trekking over the old Oregon Trail followed by Lewis and Clark to the Pacific. Then last year the skies cleared and the sun shone—the farmers got a good crop and a good price



A wheat-harvesting combine reaps the rich yield of a farm in Kansas, to add its bit to one of the most staggering crops of grain ever produced in Kansas history

—\$1.30 a bushel, which spells rapture for the farmer. And then in September, 1937, he went out into his fields to sow the greatest wheat acreage in history—not only in Kansas but everywhere. And this July the ground opened and poured out upon the land one of the greatest wheat crops in our time. And wheat sank from \$1.30 to 50 cents a bushel in eastern Kansas and 55 cents in its western farms.

The reason is seen in a simple scrap of figures. The world harvested this year a billion bushels of wheat more than it can use.

The United States harvested nearly a billion bushels. It needs 700,000,000 at the most. Perhaps it can sell a hundred million abroad. That leaves 200,000,000 more than it can use and it has 150,000,000 left over from last year—about 350,000,000 bushels on the shelf for which there are no customers. This means that the wheat farmers in Kansas made no money on wheat this year; in fact, lost money. And when you go about Kansas and talk to farmers who have had four, five and even six successive wheat crop failures even from natural or economic disasters, you wonder how they manage to exist. The answer, of course, is—government checks. The government has put more than \$151,000,000 into Kansas farmers' pockets since 1933.

As one editor put it, there was a period in Kansas history when the grasshoppers ate every living thing in sight, when the people out here lived on the checks of the Civil War veterans.

What the Program Does

Now when you go into Kansas the first thing you hear about is the Program. Farmers ask each other—are you in the Program or out of it? So the first thing we have to do is find out what the Program is. It is built upon the principle that the farmers produce too much wheat. And it has two parts.

The first part tackles the problem before the crop is planted. It aims to hold down the number of acres. Washington decides how many acres should be planted to wheat in the U. S. A. It gives to each state its quota of acres. The AAA authority in the state tells each county how many acres it will be allowed. The county committee tells each farmer how many acres he may plant to wheat.

For instance, in 1937, the farmers of the United States planted 85,000,000 acres. Washington says this year—1938—55,000,000 will be enough. It tells Kansas that this year it should plant 11,000,000 acres instead of 17,000,000. The Kansas authority tells Shawnee County it should plant 26,000 acres instead of 77,000. The Shawnee County committee tells Farmer Sorghumseed he may plant 60 acres instead of 120 acres. Farmer Sorghumseed can take it or leave it. He can go into the Program (comply, as they say) or he can stay out. If he goes in he cuts down to 60 acres and the government will pay him cash as a bonus for complying. If he stays out he can raise as many acres as he likes but he gets no government cash. Kansas farmers can get as much as \$37,000,000 this crop year from the government for complying. And if the farmer complies he must sow part of his



AMERI-CANDID

acres to "soil-conserving" crops—such as beans, sorghum, alfalfa, etc. Any farmer can get insurance on his crop by paying the premium in wheat.

The second part attacks the problem after the crop is harvested. The farmer is encouraged to store his surplus instead of dumping it on the market. The government will lend him money on his stored wheat, which may remain in sealed bins right on his own farm. In another year when prices are high because of a short crop the farmer may pay his loan and sell the crop at a higher price. This stored wheat is supposed to help the nation's wheat supply when the crop is short.

There is a more drastic weapon—the market quota. Just before the crop is harvested the Secretary of Agriculture may call for a referendum on marketing quotas. If the farmers approve it by a two-thirds vote, each farmer will be given a quota of his crop that he will be permitted to sell. The balance he must store. This will be compulsory.

This is the ever-normal granary of which Mr. Wallace has spoken so much.

Now let's look at it at work right out on the farm. William Allen White warned me that I would find that Kansas is in reality two states. That turned out to be true. In eastern Kansas are small farms and large towns. In western Kansas are large farms and small towns. Let's look at a typical farm in this first state—in eastern Kansas.

It's in Shawnee County, where Topeka, the capital, lies. Shawnee planted 77,000 acres last year. But the AAA allotted the county only 26,000 acres this year. That is, for every three acres they planted last year they can plant but one this year. Why the drastic cut?

The allotment this year is not based on what a man planted last year, but on his average plantings in the last ten years. These Shawnee farmers have been planting heavily to wheat only in the last two years. Reason? Well, there's the thing that makes this whole business so difficult. This was a good corn country once. Farmers planted more corn than wheat. Also alfalfa. But the drought drove them to wheat—corn was almost impossible.

Some Like It and Some Don't

Out in Farmer Durham's barnyard I asked how all this applied to him. He was a grizzled old weather-beaten warrior of the plow. The county agent told me he was a good farmer. I asked him what he planned to do about the Program. He shook his head.

"It's not for me," he said slowly. "I had 180 acres of land in wheat last year. This year they want to cut me down to 60. I can't make a go of this farm with that. I'm equipped to raise even more than 180 acres. . . . Oh, yes. I could put in corn and alfalfa. But I haven't been able to make corn grow around here for

several years. The moisture just isn't here. . . . Alfalfa? I've put it in. But mostly the ground dries up and the young plants pop up out of the earth. . . . Of course I'm going to plant some corn and some alfalfa. I've got a lot more acres. But these are pretty shaky crops around here now, though this used to be a good corn country. But it just ain't any more and they're trying to force me to be a corn farmer. . . . I just can't take a chance on sacrificing this one cash crop I'm sure I can raise—that's wheat."

He has not gone into the Program.

But no bitterness. No denunciation of Wallace or the Administration. Just a plain business proposition. "I don't say this program ain't no good for other farmers. Maybe it's all right. I guess the men in Washington are trying to figure it out the best they can. But it ain't for me."

I talked to another farmer—a young man, perhaps thirty, intelligent, alert, born and reared on a farm. He had 1,400 acres altogether—about 800 on his own farm and another 600 rented in several patches. He said:

"I can't see this plan for me in this county. I have 260 acres in wheat. They want to cut me down to less than 80. I have machinery and equipment to farm at least 260. I've been making this farm go without any help from the government. But if I cut down to 80 acres of wheat I'll be looking for a handout. I plant corn and pasture. I graze some

cattle and raise mules. That's why I have so much farm. But the one thing I can count on is the wheat. We've had aplenty of grief around here with corn and sorghum. But I have never failed to make a wheat crop.

"Here's a farm that used to be worked by a man and his seven sons. But they couldn't make it go. I've been working it and my father's farm adjoining. And I've been getting along. This program will put this farm back where it used to be."

Good Farmers and Bad

Then he grew expansive about the farm problem.

"As I see it," he said, "farming is a business and a farmer has got to be a little bit of a lot of things. He's got to be a manager and a workman too. He's got to know how to keep books, how to borrow and manage money. He's got to be something of a mechanic to keep his machinery in shape. He's even got to be a little of a veterinarian. There're too many people farming who just can't be all these things. They are good workmen, but they aren't managers. I just don't think you can turn them into good managers."

I thought of this a little later when I talked to two men—two farmers in this same county. They sat at a table discussing the farm problems of one of them. One man had the appearance of a prosperous merchant in town, well-dressed, alert, intelligent. The other had one shirt decorated by mended galluses and some patches in his pants, grimy, a little puzzled-looking. Yet both owned farms the same size. One man is a prosperous man known in Shawnee County as a very successful farmer. The other, an honest, hard-working man, has been fleeing from want for eight years. Yet both these men had farms of the same size. But one man is a manager, managing a farm. The other is just a workman, who needs management, but who is also managing a farm. Both these men, by the way, are complying with the Program. I asked the poor farmer why he was complying. There was something touching in his reply. It helps to explain a lot of things.

"Well, the way I see it," he drawled, "there ain't no hope for the farmers unless they stand together. The way I figger it, I'd 'a' been in the poorhouse if it weren't for the government. I ain't had a crop in about five years. The bank took my farm. The bank had a loan and took my mules. The government loaned me money to buy another pair of mules and I rented another farm. I just been about living on government money. It stood by me and kept my family from starvin' and I think I should stand by it now and go in on this program. That's the only hope for the farmers."

In Sorrow but Not in Anger

He had 160 acres. But until recently his farm had been used very little for wheat. Last year he harvested 60 acres but he was given an allotment of only ten acres. He pleaded for more and the committee allowed him 15. He'll get a check, but there doesn't seem much ahead for this poor devil. The country is full of such farmers.

Another farmer told me he had 40 acres of wheat last year and was given an allotment of 17. Another, his neighbor, had 60 acres in wheat last year and was given an allotment of 20. None of these farmers are complying. As a matter of fact, out of about 1,800 farms in the county that grow wheat, only about 500 or 600 will go into the Program.

But everywhere I got the same story. No rancor. No resentment. No hard words about Washington. Mention Henry Wallace and they say: "Well, I

(Continued on page 48)



J. W. MC MANIGAL

A farmer shocks his grain—grain that will bring him no profit in an open market

Where the Thinking Starts

By Robert McCormick

Leon Henderson, robust and boisterous, serves the New Deal as the inconspicuous idea-man

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

ON ONE ten-day trip to New York, Leon Henderson had fights with two taxi drivers and one truck driver. Then he went to an Army-Notre Dame football game and tossed a pestiferous drunk over a parapet and into the arms of three policemen, who promptly made a long forward pass with Henderson and tossed him into the jug. When he was a student-instructor at Swarthmore, one of the football players he flunked got nasty and Leon heaved him down a flight of stairs. Another time Leon was ordered off the basketball team. "Go downstairs and turn in your suit," he was told. "You can make me take off my suit," he growled at the coach, "but you can't make me go downstairs." With which he stripped off his uniform in the middle of the gymnasium and stalked away stark naked.

Of such stuff is the man behind the hindmost scenes of the New Deal. Henderson is the brain trust's private brain trust. He is the ghost writer's ghost writer, the assistant to the assistant, the man who helps the men who feel the journals of the Administration in search of economic hot boxes. Officially listed as a WPA economist, he actually serves the Corcorans, the Cohens and the Hopkinses in the black magic by which—according to legend—they influence the man who influences the destinies of this great nation.

Henderson sometimes sets the tone

of President Roosevelt's policies and speeches. His theories crop out here and there all over the New Deal. Yet he does it all in wide circles. He sees the President less often than do the casual tourists who line up around the White House gates.

When Roosevelt plans a fireside dissertation on the general economic situation, he calls in WPA Administrator Hopkins and that dynamic courier and crusader, Tom Corcoran. Hopkins and Corcoran fly from the President to Henderson. Leon conceives a theme, excavates facts and figures to support it, dictates a manuscript and hands it to Hopkins and Corcoran. That's the last Henderson will see of it until it comes crackling over the radio, re-jiggered into prose suitable to the Squire of Dutchess County. Leon may upon such an occasion be permitted to watch the broadcast but seldom otherwise does he profane the White House with his pugnacious presence.

He is no blushing violet, however. With the possible exception of A. A. Berle, he is probably as well convinced of his own genius as any of the New Dealers. He comes to definite conclusions easily and makes as much noise about them as possible. In 1934 he predicted a business upswing partly because marriages, rug sales and the box office take of movie houses were increasing. Other "experts" were demanding

more information before they oracled, but there was Henderson standing flat-footed on his prognostication and surrounded by a glare of publicity. His prediction was accurate. And back in February of 1937 he started yelling that we were headed into another depression. He turned out some of the New Deal's most emphatic memoranda in support of himself. He titled them "Boom and Bust," and circulated them among the brain trust. Within a year, he whooped, business would be in the dumps. Again the other economists were stammering shyly that they needed more statistics before they took the cover off the crystal ball, and again Henderson was right.

Background of a Belligerent

Henderson's unshakable belief in himself and his ability to outshout General Hugh Johnson got him into the New Deal. As a representative of the Russell Sage Foundation, he attended a consumers' conference in Washington and found many things cockeyed in the Blue Eagle organization. Johnson called him in to squelch him. They banged desks at one another for a while and Henderson wound up with a job. Leon is the same unconventional person at home. One summer day he will have abandoned his sloppy, sometimes spectacular, street clothes for a pair of shorts. Unless you rank at least one grade above a sultan, he

will receive you as is—no more, no less than one pair of shorts hesitantly surrounding 200 pounds of what is basically muscle. In a bridge game, he will put his fist through the card table when luck runs against him. He will argue either classical or radical economics long and well, fishing thousands of statistics from the depths of his mind as he goes along.

Henderson's battling instinct comes from way back. His Scandinavian ancestors sailed up the Delaware River, landed on the eastern bank and set about farming the Jersey soil. Existence itself was one long fight. "If they'd come to the other side," says Leon, "they would have hit the rich land of Pennsylvania and everything would have been different." As a result of reading too many success stories, he decided that all he needed to reach riches was a college education. So one dreary midwinter day, after his father had plunged all but 56 cents of his life savings into the purchase of a farm, Leon got himself a job. He stayed long enough to get money for college, tried Penn, and switched to Swarthmore.

Working his way through college was no magazine salesman's gag to Leon. He had at least fourteen sources of income. He reported, at the space rate for news of the school, for two newspapers; he refereed basketball and football games; he played professional basketball, football and baseball under assumed names, thus preserving his amateur standing; he ran an apples-and-candy store; he did typing for other students; he spent six hours a week in miscellaneous stenography; he darted downtown to the bank between classes and turned out more stenography; he did landscape gardening for 30 cents an hour, plain gardening for 25 cents; he sold Christmas cards; and in the evening he stayed with the neighbors' children while the parents made whoopee. He was one of Pennsylvania's most prolific job holders.

After two years at Swarthmore, the war came along and Henderson took just three weeks to decide to get in what seemed to him the biggest brawl that would ever come his way. He started as a private and quit as a captain in charge of the property accounts section of the Ordnance Office.

His one big disappointment was that he did all his fighting on this side of the Atlantic, so as soon as he could get around to a vacation he worked his way to Europe as a saloon messman. Then came a typical Henderson escapade. He landed at Antwerp with three dollars in his pocket and a strong desire to get back home. He stowed away on a returning boat but his bulk hid badly and he was

(Continued on page 41)



A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

Brill yelled, "Hey! What the hell!" But they went on pushing him around and chattering in Japanese

Dispatch from Nanking

By Maurice Barrangon

THE Chinese think he's a hero. That's the pay-off. They don't know exactly what happened, and they have to admit he was *fang si*—reckless; one of those crazy Americans. But they have their information, and they add it all up, and it comes out he's a great flier who gave his life for China.

Sanford Brill, the name was, and the Chinese are right about one thing: he could fly. Drunk or sober, he could fly. The pictures make him out a lean, wiry customer, with high cheekbones and a little narrow mustache. The last the Chinese command saw of him he was taking off from the field at Hankow in a formation of pursuit ships—brand-new American single-seaters. There were nine of them, eight Chink pilots and Brill, and they crossed the Yangtze at fifteen thousand feet and headed east.

They were new, those planes—all-metal jobs with Typhoon motors and the new two-speed supercharger for high-altitude work. Just about the last word in speed and climb. And they had all the new gadgets—little things, like a control lock for use on the ground so the wind couldn't bang the flippers around. Remember that control lock.

This day when they flew out over the Chekiang area—the day Brill disappeared—it was their first time out. Nine silver planes with the blue-and-white star on their wings, and rudders painted

blue. They were looking for trouble, and before they'd been gone an hour they found it. A twelve-plane Jap patrol.

Brill was in formation when the fight started, that much they know. Then for a while it was every man for himself. When it was over, half a dozen Japs had been shot out of the air and the Chinks had lost two ships. Brill was missing, but nobody'd seen him go down.

The answer is Brill zoomed out of the dogfight at the start. He headed for Nanking. He had a date in Nanking—with the Japanese high command.

IT HAD all been arranged through a spy in Hankow. The Japs wanted one of those new planes. They wanted a look at the two-speed supercharger, and their offer was one hundred thousand dollars and safe passage to Tokyo.

He had a white streamer whipping out from the cockpit when he dove onto the field outside Nanking. The Japs were expecting him. From generals to grease-monkeys they were out watching.

Brill put the ship around into the wind and let the engine idle. He slid back the cockpit cover and pressed his heel on the control lock, the clamp that froze the controls. He was climbing out, standing on the wing, when a platoon of Japanese came to a halt and spread out, surrounding the plane. A Jap in helmet and goggles stepped up. Brill sang out,

"Okay, Tokyo, she's all yours," and took his time climbing down.

He no sooner hit the ground than there was a bayonet at his back and they were frisking him. He yelled, "Hey! What the hell!" But they went on pushing him around and chattering in Japanese. They took his revolver. The little Jap pilot—the guy with the goggles—looked Brill in the teeth and said, "So sorry. I fly captured Chinese airplane to headquarters. You will explain supercharger, please."

Just like that. The big Typhoon engine was turning over, chugging away, sending back a breeze, and the Jap put his foot in the stirrup and swung into the cockpit. They crowded Brill back onto the wing and he leaned into the pit. He talked supercharger, and all the time he must have been thinking fast.

No hundred grand; he knew that. Brill was never the boy to need a diagram. Just a bullet through the head. One bullet. So sorry.

He stood there, holding on and pointing out the dials and gadgets, and knowing when the talk ran out he was through. There was a Jap on the wing beside him, and a couple of them lined up beside the fuselage, and the whole platoon was watching. That was the way it was when Brill got his free hand on the throttle.

The engine let out a roar and the

plane jumped ahead, spilling the soldier from the wing and knocking over the men in its path. Brill's fist caught the pilot behind the ear, and the plane went rocking and weaving into the open, with the Jap slumped inside and Brill hanging on, hanging to the cockpit rim and grabbing for the controls. When the Japs could get out of their own way they started shooting.

The plane picked up speed, went thundering across the field. Brill had a chance; with a thousand horsepower full out and all kinds of room, he had a chance—except for the locked controls.

Way on the far side of the field there was a row of hangars. He could have cleared them by three hundred feet if the stick had been free, if he could have worked it back. The plane kept driving straight ahead with its wheels a few feet off the ground, straight into those wooden hangars at two hundred an hour.

When the impact came it shook the ground. There was the crash, then an explosion, then a sheet of flame that roared high in the air.

THAT was the end of Brill. But, as I say, the Chinese think he's a hero. Because one day a message from Nanking told of a whole hangarful of Japanese bombers destroyed by a lone Chinese plane. It gave the squadron markings and the number of Brill's ship.



Strange Honeymoon

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

JUDITH CLAYTON'S father dies. He bequeaths the major portion of his large estate to Judith, with the proviso that it be handled by his brother-in-law, Jonas Morgan, until Judith is twenty-one. But, says the will, Judith cannot take over the estate unless she is married.

After she has passed the age of twenty-one, Judith (still unmarried) learns that Morgan is a crook, is actually stealing from the estate. She can gain possession of her fortune in two ways: by having Morgan ousted by the courts (and thus creating a scandal) or by finding a husband.

She finds a husband. The lucky victim is Alan Hughes. Alan marries her simply to help her out of a perplexing predicament. It is clearly understood that neither will assume any obligations, and that both will be absolutely free. They make their home in Alan's town house, in New York City. Alan—left with few assets by a spendthrift father—realizes that his presence in the house may prove distasteful to his "wife." He therefore makes a point of being absent much of the time. He does not suspect the truth: that Judith, always fond of him, has fallen in love with him!

Angel Fremont, an amusing young person with whom Alan spends much of his time, warns him to be on his guard against Joe Carter. Months before, Alan had exposed Carter as a crooked gambler. Alan laughs at Angel's fears. Gene Lyons, who, as proprietor of an escort bureau, knows every stratum of Manhattan life, gives him a similar warning.

Then, late one night, while Angel and Alan are motoring on a lonely Long Island road, Alan sees Joe Carter following him. Suspecting that Carter may be planning to shoot him, he steps on the gas. Carter pursues him; and, in the course of a furious chase, Alan's car is wrecked and Alan injured.

Angel breaks the news to Judith, over the telephone. She then hires a car and carries Alan home in it. Naturally Judith assumes that Alan and Angel are in love.

Recovering from his injuries, Alan suggests that Judith and he dine alone at home and spend the evening together. Judith demurs—she is certain that Alan is merely being courteous. Alan shoves her toward the stairs. "On your way, Damsel," he orders. "I'll be waiting."

V

THE conversation at dinner was gay enough to elicit discreet smiles of approval from the observant Jenkins. It was about nothing in particular, which was precisely Jenkins' idea of correct dinner-table conversation. He served coffee and liqueurs in the library, and observed with gratification that they were sitting side by side on the couch. He even added his own touch by opening the door to the butler's pantry just enough to admit the eager Snitch.

Snitch was in the mood for pleasure. Alan was agreeable enough, and Judith was pleased to join in, because a romp with the dog promised to relieve the tension.

EVENTUALLY, the little coffee cups had been removed, the liqueur glasses were empty, Nuit d'Amour had retired peacefully to his sleeping box, and the dim lights in the library were reflected soothingly from the oak-paneled walls. Judith sat on the couch—alone, this time—and Alan slumped into a club chair, his feet stretched out comfortably, a cigarette between his lips, and his broad, pleasant mouth twisted into the good-natured, imperturbable grin that Judith liked so well. He said, "Good going, girlie. This has been fun—so far."

She looked at him and smiled. "I'm feeling better. And very, very curious."

"I'm a curious bird." He looked around the room. "Is the stage properly set?"

"Apparently. What do I do now?"

"I never do nothin' halfway," explained Alan. "When I take a doll out, the sky's the limit"

"Step into the witness box. Poppa's gonna ask questions."

"Nice questions?"

"Oh, the questions are all right. It's the answers that worry me."

Judith saw that there was no laughter in his eyes. She asked, "What is it?"

"Will you be surprised!" Alan shrugged with some slight show of embarrassment. "Believe it or not, but I've been suffering from an acute attack of ideals."

"Painful ones?"

"Positively agonizing."

"What kind of ideals, Alan?"

"Hey! Hold it! I'm supposed to be asking the questions. And here's the first: Aren't you just a wee bit disappointed in me?"

"Disappointed?" She shook her head in genuine bewilderment. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about your husband," he said. "About the man you're related to by marriage, but in no other way. I'm talking about one Alan Langdon Hughes." He tossed his cigarette into the fireplace and his voice became serious: "Look, honey—let's cut the clowning. I'm deadly serious, and I'd like you to be."

She sobered instantly. "All right, Alan. I'm listening."

He said, "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still—or I went to the wrong school. I'm talking about this marriage arrangement. I wasn't particularly nuts about the idea from the beginning—but you put up mighty logical and persuasive arguments . . . and I said yes . . . chiefly because there seemed to be no reason to say no."

She felt suddenly cold and all gone. She hoped he wouldn't notice the fear in her eyes. She spoke gently: "You go right ahead, Alan. I'll try not to interrupt."

"Okay. We married. We did it your way—even to living here, and holding forth to the world as man and wife. That was the way you wanted it, and it was swell with me. I also checked in with your idea that you had so much money that ordinary expenditures didn't matter, and so I was to enjoy myself as I always had done. It didn't seem entirely right, but you did a grand selling job—and I suppose I wasn't too hard to convince—because money has never seemed tremendously important to me one way or the other. I knew you had a sinking fund too big to sink, and, so far as I was concerned, money was simply something to have fun with. And I still think the same way—when it's my own money. And that, my beauteous young lady, is the rub."

SHE said, tensely, "I've got to ask one question, Alan."

"Fire when ready, Gridley."

"When we started this thing, you promised to tell me if you fell in love—"

"Nothing like that." He said it so casually, so indifferently, that her heart bounded. "It just happens that I can't go on this way."

"Why?"

"First—because there's no reason. We married for a purpose: So that you could terminate your uncle-in-law's trusteeship and protect your own property. That has all been attended to. We lived under the same roof so there'd be no unpleasant gossip. Now you're free, and you should be independent. And," he finished, somewhat grimly, "so should I."

"But I don't understand . . ."

"If I were the sloppy type, I'd say I was approaching the point where I hate to look at myself in the mirror. And it wouldn't matter if you owned the Washington mint—I'd feel the same way. It's a question of principle, not of quantity."

She was staring at him, seeing a new Alan Hughes—an Alan who frightened her with his threat to the happiness she

wanted . . . but an Alan of whom she was proud. She was sorry he felt this way if it meant that their unusual relationship was at an end; but she was glad he felt as he did, because she knew instinctively that it was the right way to feel.

"I've never been what you'd call a substantial citizen," he was saying quietly. "I never even checked in with the idea that to be substantial was highly commendable. Just my screwy way of looking at life. But I felt that way when it was my own money. Now, it isn't—and if you offer to give me any, I'll probably slap you down and tromple on you."

She said, "I'll take no such chances." "It's this way, Judith . . ." He was driving home his point. "You asked me to do you a favor. I did it. So long as I was giving value received, I felt all right about it. Now you don't need me any more."

SHE wanted to cry out that she did need him, more than ever. She was even betrayed into saying more than she intended. She said, "You mean—if ours were a real marriage . . ."

"That would be a pink horse of another color," he agreed. "I've always thought the intrusion of the money question between husband and wife was highly absurd and definitely overrated. But ours was an agreement, not a marriage—don't you see?"

She said, weakly, "Yes, I see . . ." But what she saw, and did not like, was what underlay his words. "I just haven't registered with him," she thought unhappily. Aloud she said, "You're certainly carrying things to an extreme."

"I don't think so." He laughed shortly. "I wonder how well you know me, Judith."

"I'm beginning to wonder that, too."

"I'm afraid nobody does. Not even me. But I do know this much about myself: I hate to do things halfway."

"That's obvious."

"I want you to understand what I'm doing. Somehow it means a lot to me to have you agree . . . and to understand that I'm doing this—and right now—because I must. It seems that the only way I'll get a proper perspective on myself is by looking from a different angle. Or is my terminology lousy?"

"It'll do."

"And you won't accuse me of going Horatio Alger on you?"

"No. If you're sure it's what you want to do."

"I've been sure of that for weeks. Or at least I've been determined to find out what I am and why. In my own way."

She said nothing, because there seemed nothing to say. She was looking at a different Alan. He was still smiling but there was maturity in that smile, and comprehension, and gameness. Then she asked, "What's the next move?"

"I'm going upstairs," he answered, "to find a shoestring. I believe that's the conventional thing to start life on."

He turned and was gone, leaving her alone in the great, quiet library. She heard his footsteps on the stairs, heard a door close . . . and she felt suddenly more alone than she had ever felt before in her life.

She wondered what he was doing upstairs, whether he was coming back, whether he would discuss his plans with her. She found herself arguing for Alan—condoning his former outlook on life; almost applauding his indifference to conventional and accepted standards of what was worth while and what wasn't. Her thoughts were alternately clear and chaotic: clear when she thought of Alan as an individual and chaotic when she thought of their bizarre relationship. They were chaotic at the moment when he came downstairs . . . though not so chaotic that she didn't notice the heavy

suitcase he was carrying, nor the change in his manner—a change back to his chronic banter, his characteristic lightness.

"The usual thing," he said, "according to the storybook tradition, is for me to leave here with my worldly belongings tied up in a handkerchief. But I haven't any handkerchief large enough. So I'm lugging this, and I'll send for my trunk tomorrow."

She felt a sudden tightness inside. "What are you talking about, Alan?"

"I'm going out on a quest," he explained. "I am now hunting for the bottom, so that I may work up."

"Aren't you being a bit . . . well, drastic?"

"Naughty—naughty! I asked you not to accuse me of that, because, you see, I know if I'm going to do this at all I've got to play it straight across the board. And I'm doing it quick because if it doesn't suddenly become a *fait accompli*, I'm liable to let my common sense argue me out of it."

He became serious then and reached for her hand.

"Just before the battle of life, Mother.

I feel slightly sappy, but full of high purpose. Good night, Judith."

The hand he held was cold and lifeless. She wasn't thinking clearly. She heard herself saying, "You're sure . . .?"

"For the first time in my life," he said, "I'm really sure." His irrepressible grin relieved some of the tension. "Though I can't quite figure out just what it is that I'm so sure of."

He pressed her fingers, waved gaily.

And then he was gone.

THE Tunisia was less crowded than usual. So few extra tables had been shoved out onto the dance floor that at least a half-dozen couples could negotiate without too much bumping; there was less than the usual quota of comic inebrates; the waiters only occasionally shoved elbows into the countenances of tolerant and unwary patrons, and the famous torch singer who had just completed her final number had worked to a wow finish with less than the usual amount of torso twisting. Angel Fremont and Gene Lyons, sitting side by side at an infinitesimal table that was backed up against the red leather wall,





looked up to find Alan Hughes grinning down at them. Gene said, "Hiya keed. Have a drink."

"Sure thing," responded Mr. Hughes, "but I can't buy you one."

"Jokes he makes," said Angel. "His sense of humor is colossal."

"That's what you think, smart gal."

Alan borrowed a chair from another table and sat down, facing them. "Scotch and soda," he told the waiter. Then: "Have you ever beheld a pauper? Because if you haven't, take a good look."

"You wouldn't by any chance," asked Angel, "already have grabbed a snootful, would you, Mister Hughes?"

"Under no happenstance. I came here straight from home, or nearly."

Gene Lyons' quiet, observant eyes watched Alan closely, without appearing to do so. That was a habit of Gene's, to listen, and to ask few questions. Angel, he figured, was doing all right, and gave promise of doing much better. She did.

"Can I have some of what's on your mind, Alan . . . or isn't it any of my business?"

"It isn't, darling—but you can." Alan

lifted the glass the waiter set before him, and said gaily: "A toast to a guy who has just pitched himself out on his own ear."

"Much words and little sense," commented Angel. "What's the answer to your riddle, or isn't it time to ask?"

"I'm bereft of bed and board," stated Alan. "If you know a nice, comfortable breadline anywhere, I'd like its address and telephone number."

ANGEL was looking at him . . . and she was thinking. For one thing, she was hoping that neither Alan nor Gene could read what was going on in her mind. She knew Alan well enough to realize that there was more than banter behind all this, that in his own roundabout way he was breaking important news; and she was afraid to think how important it might be—to herself. She listened attentively to Alan's explanation:

"I'm on my way from farm boy to President," he explained. "I've joined the ranks of the unemployed. I've seen the light, without knowing yet whether I like the way it shines."

"Put it in words of three syllables."

"Okay. Briefly, then, I've decided to make something of myself. I got fed up living on someone else's money . . . or is it 'someone's else'?"

"Don't ask me: I never met the guy."

"In answer to your other unspoken questions," he continued, "it was all my own idea, and there's been no quarrel between Judith and myself. She's the grandest gal in the world, and probably—at this very minute—thinks I'm completely whacky. But the time has come when I should learn the facts of life, and I'm on my way. I'll be obliged if you'll tell me whether I'm a hero or a fool."

"You mean," asked Angel, "that you've decided to go it on your own, and that you've started off by leaving home?"

"Uh-huh. Silly, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't be knowing." She kept her eyes veiled. "What woke you up so suddenly?"

"We all get older and wiser. Me, I've gotten older."

"This isn't a gag?"

"Do I look it?"

It was Gene Lyons who answered: Gene, whose speculative, appraising

She listened attentively. "I'm on my way from farm boy to President," he explained. "I've joined the ranks of the unemployed. I've seen the light"

eyes had never left Alan's face. He said, "It's no gag, Angel. Also, the whys and wherefores are none of your business."

"You veil your meaning so delicately, Gene."

"NOW, now . . ." Alan shook an admonitory finger. "I'm among friends: alone, broke and otherwise destitute—or however else a guy is when he's forced to boast that he's among friends. What little dough I had has all been used up. So now you've got the lowdown on the situation, and you can both heap coals of good advice on my head. How the devil does a guy go about supporting himself when he's as superbly untrained as I am?"

Gene asked, "Is it that bad?"

"It's that good. Necessity is the spice
(Continued on page 31)

Cats on the Logs

By Stewart H. Holbrook

Each year, at Escanaba, Michigan, the old-timers come out of the woods to ride flashing sticks of timber in a swirl of white water. They roll for cash, for cups, but mostly just for the fun of it, and a true American sport is coming back

came halfway to his knees and had sharp spikes—"corks"—of steel in the soles and heels. His overall pants were staged off just below the knee.

Most of the crowd was for Billy, but nobody laid any money on him. Jimmie Running, five feet seven inches, 140 pounds, looked like a birler the moment he stepped out onto the log. Besides, Jimmie was seventeen years old.

Old Billy took the offensive. With the sharp spurs in his soles digging into the soft wood, he gave the slim log a few fast turns, then snubbed it—bringing it to a sudden stop in an effort to tip young Jimmie off.

Jimmie batted not an eyelash. Keeping his eyes on Billy's feet, Jimmie rode the log like a bobbing feather. Again, Billy walked hard and fast on the log, then snubbed it in a flash and reversed his footwork. He stopped for breath, panting. If you are forty-four years old and ride a log that fast for a minute and a half, you are likely to be panting, too.

The young lad in the gray shirt saw his chance and took it. He put the log into a whirl that churned the water white like a turbine, while old Billy's heavy legs traveled fast to keep up. They couldn't quite keep up. Over backward went the Indian, splashing water over the tank-side crowd.

"First fall to Jimmie Running," the announcer said. "Time, one minute, fifty-two seconds. . . . They will roll next on the Number Two log."

It's a Game for Youth

Roustabouts hauled the log out of the water and rolled in the Number Two log, this one slimmer than the first by one inch. One inch is a lot of difference when you are trying to stand on a moving stick in the water.

"Time in," yelled the referee. The youngster did no waiting this time. Digging his calks into the thin stick of timber, he soon had it turning so fast you couldn't count, and the log was now wholly under water.

Tanksiders yelled encouragement to old Billy but encouragement can't keep a man upright on a spinning seventeen-inch log. In fifteen seconds old Billy and his red shirt and heavy boots and wide galluses were in the water.

It put Billy out of the running for the title and cash that go each year to "best man" in the world's championship log-birling (Continued on page 46)

Joe Connor of Minnesota, 1937 champion, loses a fall to Harley Foster of Washington

A SHORT and powerfully built man got up off the log and walked to the edge of the big tank. "When I was more young," he said, and he snapped a pair of galluses that were two inches across the straps, "when I was more young, dey could t'row hunk yaller soap into de water and I was ride de bubble to shore."

The closely packed crowd around three sides of the tank of water went wild, clapping and yelling, mostly yelling. It was the kind of noise five hundred lumberjacks make at a log-birling whoopee.

From three thousand other folks, high in the grandstand, came a ripple of applause but no cheering. They didn't know who the short man in the bright red shirt was. The mob around the tank did, for they were the boys, and a few girls, who savvy log-birling, the true jitterbugs of the one authentic American sport.

A man at the microphone near the tank was talking: "In the red shirt—old Billy Beauregard, one-time champion of the Wisconsin rivers." The mob around the tank yelled again.

"In the gray shirt," went on the announcer, "is

Jimmie Running of Eau Claire, rolling in his first tournament." The crowd gave Jimmie a hand.

Old Billy and young Jimmie shook hands quickly and both stepped aboard a log floating in the tank. It was a white pine log, thirteen feet long, eighteen inches in diameter. Light as a cork, it rode three quarters of its thickness out of water until the two men stepped on; then it sank until about half of it showed.

The referee gave the log a slight push into the pond. "Time in," he shouted. The men on the log eyed each other's feet.

Anyone could tell, from his lined copper features, that old Billy Beauregard was an Indian and an old-timer. Pure Ojibway. Billy had driven logs down many streams in his forty-four years, which is a long time to drive logs and still be alive. His heavy boots

A former titleholder, Indian Billy Beauregard, holds his nose as Jimmie Running rolls him over, under, and out of the 1938 meet



It was on top of the door, balanced there. It crashed down when the door was opened

Murder for Christmas

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

WEALTHY old Simeon Lee learns that some rough diamonds—valuable stones that he had kept in a safe in his bedroom—have been stolen. He notifies the authorities, by telephone. A short time later, someone enters the old man's room (although the door is locked and the windows secure) and cuts his throat!

Three men investigate the crime: Colonel Johnson, chief constable of the county, Superintendent of Police Sugden; and Hercule Poirot, Europe's most capable detective, who happens to be in England at the time. They feel sure that the murderer has not made his getaway; and they learn that, just previous to the tragedy, Mr. Lee had let it be known that he was thinking of changing his will.

Assembled in the house—in addition to Mr. Lee's son, Alfred, and Alfred's wife, Lydia (who have presided over Mr. Lee's home, Gorston Hall, for years)—are the old fellow's two other married sons and their wives: David, an artist, and Hilda; George, a member of Parliament, and Magdalene. Also Harry Lee, the black sheep of the family, who has just come home after a long period of aimless wandering; Pilar Estravados, old Simeon's granddaughter,

who has been brought up in Spain; and Stephen Farr, the son of one of Mr. Lee's old partners.

Everyone in the house—including Tressilian, the butler, and Horbury, Mr. Lee's valet—is questioned. Everyone (with the possible exception of Horbury) is more or less suspect. . . . While in one of the gardens that surround Gorston Hall—a charming spot designed to represent the Dead Sea area, in miniature—Poirot, in a moment of nervousness, picks up some pebbles. To his amazement, they are rough diamonds!

At the first opportunity, he interrogates Alfred and Lydia. Again, neither will admit anything. After a time, Lydia remarks: "If only those diamonds could be found. I'm sure the solution lies there."

Poirot stares at her. "They have been found, Madame," he says.

Lydia is startled. "What?" she exclaims. Poirot smiles. "They were found in your little garden of the Dead Sea."

"In my garden?" Lydia—still incredulous—says. "How extraordinary!"

"Is it not, Madame?" Poirot says, softly.

IX

ALFRED LEE said with a sigh, "That was better than I feared!" They had just returned from the inquest.

Mr. Charlton, an old-fashioned type of solicitor with a cautious blue eye, had been present and had returned with them. He said, "Ah—I told you the proceedings would be purely formal—purely formal—there was bound to be an adjournment—to enable the police to gather up additional evidence."

George Lee said vexedly, "It is all most unpleasant—really most unpleasant—a terrible position in which to be placed! I myself am quite convinced that this crime was done by a maniac who somehow or other gained admittance to the house. That man Sugden is obstinate as a mule. Colonel John-

son should enlist the aid of Scotland Yard. These local police are no good. Thickheaded. What about this man Horbury, for instance? I hear his past is definitely unsatisfactory but the police do nothing whatever about it."

Mr. Charlton said, "Ah—I believe the man Horbury has a satisfactory alibi covering the period of time in question. The police have accepted it."

"Why should they?" George fumed. "If I were they, I should accept such an alibi with reserve—with great reserve. Naturally a criminal always provides himself with an alibi! It is the duty of the police to break down the alibi—that is, if they know their job."

"Well, well," said Mr. Charlton. "I don't think it's quite our business to

(Continued on page 34)

Mountain Monarch

By William Arthur Breyfogle

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

Any man may become dangerous when a life more cherished than his own is at stake. Dr. Duncan and his wife met such a man

JEAN DUNCAN knew most of the people in and near Black Gap, but the man at the door now was a stranger to her. "The doctor is out," she told him, and practice kept the note of regret in her voice from sounding perfunctory. "If you could come back? Or if you don't mind waiting."

"I'll wait." He disposed his lean person in one of the rockers on the doctor's porch. "Happen you're his wife?"

"Happen I am!" said Jean, and smiled at him.

"And the nursin' woman? The call's for you, too. There's a man hurt, bad. You're to bring all you need for cuttin' him."

"The doctor won't be long. You didn't tell me where the place is."

"No need, ma'am. I'm to take you. 'Twas Jed Maclaren sent me."

"Jed Maclaren? But that's a long way, isn't it?"

The man looked at her. "They said you'd come."

"Oh, we'll come, yes!" She thought of questioning him further, and decided against it. The people here weren't communicative, even in Black Gap itself, and this man must have come from the Morlands, the far, blue rampart of mountains rising up in the west. Jed Maclaren had his kingdom there. It was enough, anyway, to know that Jed Maclaren wanted the services of Dr. James Duncan and Jean, his wife. Against all likelihood, they had a summons from the King of the Mountains.

It was the title she and Jim had bestowed upon Jed Maclaren, for they had heard plenty of rumors and legends about him. It had been seriously maintained in their hearing that he was eight feet tall and a hundred years old; that rattlesnakes bit him and fell dead; that he had nine wives. Like the mountains themselves, Jed Maclaren was an exciting background to life in Black Gap.

WHEN Jim came in from his calls, shortly after midday, they brought the messenger in from the porch to share their hasty lunch. Jim was making plans. "We can take the car as far as White Falls. After that—do we walk?"

"There's three mules waiting there," the man said.

"Three?"

"For you, the nursin' woman and me."

Duncan looked at his wife, in doubt. "It's bound to be a hard trip."

The man said, "I was to say she'd be needed, special." He had stopped eating. He looked concerned.

Jean assured him. "I'm going, of course. They've asked for me, and I'd want to go, even if they hadn't."

The twenty miles to White Falls were uphill, crooked and rough. Jean rode in the back seat, holding the heavy black bag on her lap. At White Falls they left the car. A man as lank and uncommunicative as their guide brought the mules out, saddled. There were not three of them but four, and the fourth was for this new member of their party. He and the guide conferred briefly, in low voices, and then they set out, with Jim Duncan and his wife riding in the middle. It was late afternoon. The road

ran a little way beyond White Falls, but they didn't take it. They swung to the right and followed a trail that, except where it lay across bare rock, was like a tunnel under thick trees.

"This here," their guide told them, "is all Webster country. Don't make no noise till I tell you you can." It wasn't until then that Jean saw the rifle in his saddle boot. His companion had one, too.

None of the Websters appeared to dispute their passage. But Jed Maclaren had taken no chances with the possibility of their appearance. Other men joined them at intervals along the trail. They were all armed, mounted and silent. When darkness fell, it was cold. Jean Duncan shivered, and Jim took off his jacket and made her put it on. "I should have told you what the nights would be like up here."

"How much farther, Jim?"

"No idea. These fellows won't talk. Except that we're not worth it, they might be kidnaping us!"

HE LAUGHED, but Jean looked up, startled. "Is that why there are so many of them—so we can't escape?"

"I doubt it. It's more likely to be on account of their pals, the Websters. Evidently they're at odds."

The armed escort wasn't altogether reassuring to think about. For the last two hours of the way, they rode in utter darkness. The pace didn't slacken. Jean was tired, and the mule's gait jerked cruelly at her neck and the small of her back. When she saw the glimmer of lights, a long way off, she hardly dared hope that it marked their journey's end. But after another mile, the mules stopped at last.

The lights, which at a distance had promised brightness, were dim when seen close at hand, and more confusing than unmixed darkness. A small crowd had gathered about them. Beyond the vague, upturned faces, Jean made out the shapes of buildings, of houses, probably. They seemed to be in the middle of a clearing, on fairly level ground. Their escort had dismounted, but she and Jim sat their mules until the messenger of that morning came up to them. "You get down now," he told them. "Light down, and I'll take you in to Jed Maclaren. He's a-waitin' for you."

It was probably her own imagination, but the way he spoke deepened Jean's sense that they were captives. She was grateful that, in the uncertain light, Jim couldn't be sure of the expression on her face. He was already on the ground, and helping her to dismount. "Chin up, girl!" he whispered. "Mustn't keep the king waiting!"

Except for their original guide, the crowd stayed outside. In the house, lamplight dazzled their eyes at first. Before they could see clearly, a voice from the corner of the room said, "Ye've brought them, have ye?"

"You've heard of a life for a life," the old man said. "That's the way it is between us, now"



The guide said, "Here they be, Jed." Jed Maclaren, as they saw, blinking, was a tall old man, white-bearded and erect. He waved them to two chairs, evidently homemade, like everything else in the house. Himself, he remained standing. "I've got something to tell ye before ye go to work. I'll speak plain and in few words. There's a man been hurt bad. He's my son. David, my youngest. Ye'll see when ye come to him that's it's a ball from a rifle, and I'll tell ye now that a Webster fired it." The voice rose a little, on a note of hostility. "Maybe, in the settlements, a man don't shoot at his neighbor when

he looks to do him a harm. Maybe there'd be questions asked, and the law'd step in. That don't happen with us up here!"

Jim said quietly, "I understand. If you'll let me see the man who's been hurt—"

"Soon enough. There's just one thing more—I want the boy healed and I don't want no deceits worked on him! The nursin' woman, there, she's your wife, they tell me?"

"My wife, yes."

"I told them to see that she came. Ye've heard of a life for a life—that's how it is now, between us. My son's life against this woman's! Heal him, and

I'll send ye back the way ye've come. Let him die, and ye go back alone. It's fair that I should tell ye."

Jim Duncan got to his feet. "You seem to think I have no choice. But I have! I refuse even to see your son, under those conditions."

"It won't save ye. If this woman's to go back alive, ye'll not only see him but heal him, too!"

A COUGH from the doorway made the doctor turn. Three more of the lean mountain men were standing in the door, near the guide. They stood watching Duncan, with their long rifles in the

crooks of their arms. None of them said anything, and the sweat broke out on Duncan's forehead. He said unsteadily, "Is it a way with the Maclarens not to spare women?"

But that didn't move old Jed. "A bold man might not think twice for his own life, but his wife's is another thing. That's why I wanted the nursin' woman here."

He was barely done speaking when a rough door behind him opened and shut again, and a girl came into the room. In the instant while the door was open, the sound of a voice reached them, high-pitched and babbling. Delirium, the



doctor told himself, and forgot about that while he stared at the girl. She couldn't be more than seventeen. Her long hair was bound in two plaits, and she was barefoot. The thin dress clung to her young figure, but she had no thought for shyness. Her eyes were dark and wide, and her face looked drawn. She put a hand on Jed Maclaren's arm. "Is that the doctor and the nursin' woman?" she asked.

"That's them, Susan."

"Then let them come in. Oh, God, let them come in right away! He's burnin' up with the fever, and ravin'!"

"I'm only a-tellin' them— You go back in, child, and try to quiet him, till they come." He opened the door and closed it behind her. Then he faced Jim Duncan again.

"The time's short," he said, his voice grating harshly. "Ye'll get no better terms from me, and every minute that ye waste is that much more against ye!"

Jim didn't move, but Jean got up. "We can't let a man die because we don't like the way his father treats us," she said, glad that her voice held steady. "Come on, Jim. If we can't save him, we'll worry about the rest of it afterward. Who was that girl?"

Jed Maclaren said, "Susan Hardy. She's David's wife, intended."

"We'll want her to help us," said Jean briskly. "To bring us hot water and anything else we need."

The doctor took a deep breath. Probably Jean was right. There wasn't any other way. He said, "One other thing—no one is to come into the room until I give him permission. Is that understood? The boy's life may depend on it."

"It's agreeable. But the house is watched, all sides."

Duncan went into the room beyond and closed the door behind him.

DAVID MACLAREN had a bullet in his left thigh. The bone was broken, the leg greatly swollen, the wound festered and the heavy slug still inside. Duncan saw, with dull surprise, that he wasn't much more than a boy, the child of his father's old age. After that, he saw him only as a problem in surgery, and Susan Hardy was a girl who handed things to Jean as they were needed. They gave the boy chloroform, and his incoherent mouthings ran out into blessed silence. But the greater part of their relief was forgetfulness, for the time, of their own predicament. They had something to do that absorbed all their attention and all their skill.

The doctor had a piece of luck in finding the bullet at his first probing, getting it out without tearing the flesh very much. The bone, too, showed a clean fracture that could be trusted to knit, once set. But his lips drew straight and thin when he came to clean the wound. It wasn't pretty, and the boy had lost much blood, to make him weaker still. Duncan didn't care to close the wound, since it had to be drained. He couldn't get the splints to suit him, with the wound where it was. But he put the last touches to his work, and stood up. His back ached. "It will have to do," he said, aloud. "Maybe, when he wakes up, we can tell better."

He didn't properly wake up at all, but passed from the effects of the anesthetic back into fever, with intermittent delirium. At the bedside, watching, Jim Duncan's face was gray with sleeplessness and anxiety. The anxiety, as time passed, was less and less for themselves. Even in delirium, the boy made a wonderfully gallant fight of it, something no doctor could watch without sympathy. There, on the old, hand-hewn bed, was what a doctor understood by drama, adventure. You couldn't go beyond that. It was as far as human courage would take you. Compared with that,

what hung over Jean and himself was contrived, secondary, unconvincing. He felt Jean's hand on his shoulder, and put his own hand up to take it. Susan Hardy, for once, was looking at them, not at David. Duncan tried to smile at her, but got no answering smile. Maybe it was Jean she was really looking at.

Jean was worth looking at these days, certainly, and worth listening to. There was time to talk. When they weren't in the sickroom, they had the big loft of the house to themselves. The windows, one at each end, were too small to squeeze through, even if the house hadn't been watched. Sometimes they saw the sentinels pass back and forth, between the house and the edge of the woods. Jim Duncan cursed them until his wife made him stop. "That won't help us, my dear. We've done all we can, and in a day or two we'll know what's going to happen to us."

"I shouldn't have let you come. I should have known."

"I wanted to come. And how could

you have foreseen all this? We always talked about the King of the Mountains as if he were a sort of joke. But I suppose the old kings *did* act like this, more often than not."

"He's a coward and a cur—no better than a gangster!"

"Don't say that. Maybe it isn't easy for him to have to ask for help. He didn't know any more about us than we knew about him. We were strangers, and that made us enemies."

"Are you excusing him, Jean?"

"Trying to explain him, that's all."

"It comes to the same thing."

"But don't you see that he's really afraid of us? Not for himself—he doesn't look a timid man. But, as he sees it, we've got the boy's life in our hands. How can we tell what that means to him? It's fear that brings out the cruelty in him."

"He isn't the first man to see his son in a doctor's hands. If he thinks he's making sure the boy gets careful treatment, he's a fool."

"But he knows nothing about doctors! It's the first time a doctor's ever been up here."

"How do you know?"

"Susan told me. If they're taken sick, they recover or they die. Either way, they do it alone. You can see what old Jed Maclaren thought of the boy, when he broke what amounts to a tradition, to send for us. It had never been done before. If he hadn't been beside himself with fear and grief, he wouldn't have done it this time. I think we ought to keep that in mind."

Her husband exploded. "You don't seem to see that just that fear and grief will be the end of us, if the boy doesn't get better!"

Jean said, "I know. How is he today?"

"No change. I told the girl to call me if he so much as stirred."

"Is the wound—?"

"Healing pretty well. The trouble is, we weren't called in time. In a hospital, a case like that would hardly be worth operating on—too apt to die on the table. It's a wonder he came out from under the chloroform. Everything was against him, even the way his father acted!"

"That wasn't the boy's fault."

"Oh, the boy's all right, though he's started young to get himself shot up. He does his part, and his part is more than mine. That doesn't make it any easier for me! I could stand the waiting better if there were something to do. It's maddening to have everything depend simply on his constitution!"

"You're tired out, Jim. Lie down for a while. I'll talk to you until you fall asleep."

SHE hadn't expected him to do it, but he stretched out on the bed and closed his eyes. Jean sat beside him, stroking his forehead, murmuring that he mustn't worry, that it would come out all right. At first he answered her, a word or two at a time. Then his breathing grew deeper and he was really asleep. She was still crouching over him when Susan Hardy came into the room. Jean didn't know how long the girl had been there, when she turned and saw her. Very gently, she moved from her position beside Jim, and crossed to the door. "What is it, Susan?" she whispered.

"He isn't talking so much as he was. I thought I'd best come and tell you."

Should she wake Jim? But it was his first proper sleep in two days, and she could call him quickly if he were needed. "I'll come and see him," she said, and followed the girl down the ladderlike stairs. She was thinking that if David Maclaren had taken a turn for the weaker, this would be the beginning of the end. She had never doubted that old Jed would be as good as his word.

If David died, she must die, too. That was what she was there for, to Jed's way of thinking. She was a pledge for his son's safety. If Jim was a bold man, he might disregard a threat to himself. It told you much about Jed Maclaren that he could think of that, and insist on her coming. She hadn't had time for proper fear, what with working over David and trying to keep Jim from despair. But the cause for fear was not less than it had been. She followed Susan into the room where the boy lay. The house, it seemed to her, was very quiet.

She slid the thermometer between David's lips, and took his pulse while she waited. The pulse was faint, but steady. His temperature stood at just below a hundred and two, scarcely changed. No reason to call him. But when she told Susan, the girl stared at her as if she hadn't heard. "I'll sit here if you like," Jean offered. "You go and get some sleep."

Susan Hardy shook her head. "If you've a mind to it, I'd like to talk with you," she said.

"Why, yes. That would be nice." Jean was surprised.

"I heard what Jed said to you and the doctor, the day you came. Mostly, he gets his own way, up here."

JEAN nodded, wondering what was coming.

"I was bound to tell you that. I thought you might think it was only talk, the way you acted."

"No, Susan. I knew. But thank you."

"For that? After all you've done? I watched you working on him, and you didn't scamp it. You did more than all of us could do. If David dies now, you've done your best to save him."

Jean said again, "Thank you," and meant it.

"You've no call to thank me!" the girl cried, as if the words had stung her. "You ought to hate us all, with Jed Maclaren meaning to murder you off, when you've done your best! But he ain't going to, not if I can stop him! I've settled on that. It's what I had to tell you. Now listen—tonight I'll show you and the doctor how to creep out and get away. Down the trail a mile, we can get mules, and I'll take you as far as White Falls. It's the least I can do, and I'll do it gladly!"

Her voice was hardly above a whisper, but her breath came fast and her bosom heaved. Jean marveled that the girl's excitement left her unmoved. She was touched, and pleased, but not by the promise of deliverance. She looked down at David Maclaren, on the bed. If they did go, it might mean the difference between life and death to him. Maybe old Jed had deserved that, but had the boy? On an impulse, she put her arms around Susan, and kissed her. "It's sweet of you, and I'll ask my husband what he thinks. But why do you want to help us escape?"

"It was watching you work over David. Not only that—I liked you soon as I saw you. And the way you and the doctor treat each other—that's the way I always wanted it to be for David and me."

She told Jim when he came down, in the late afternoon. Susan had gone out, and he rubbed his chin and stared at his wife. "Can she do it?"

"I'm quite sure she can."

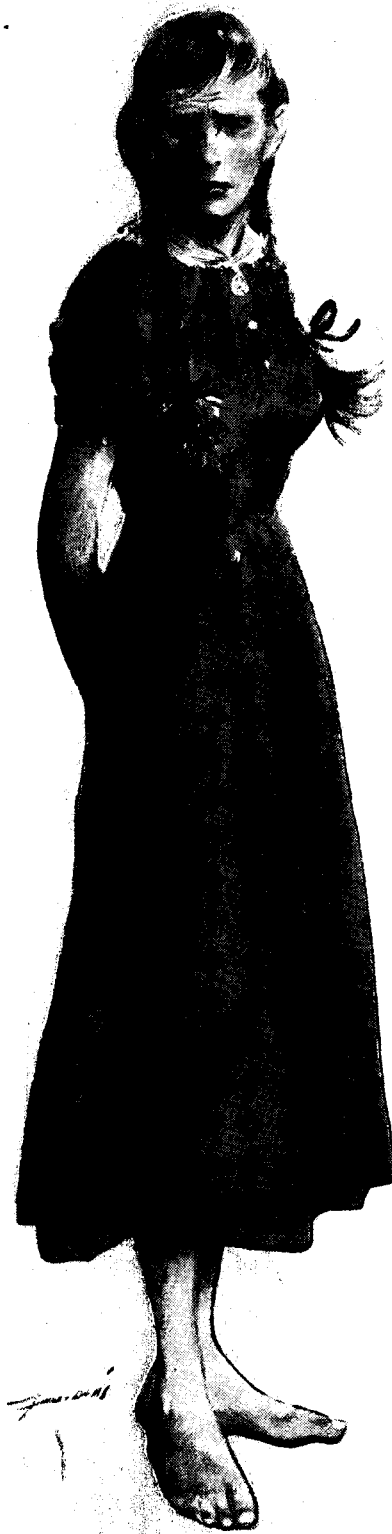
"If you think so, I want you to go with her, Jean."

"I won't do it!"

"You will! There's nothing up here I can't do alone now. The two of you will have a much better chance of getting away than three would have. And you are the only one in danger by staying."

"That isn't true, Jim, and you know it! Do you think Jed Maclaren would let you go free, when he found out what

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"He's burning up with fever, and ravin'!" she said



King of the B's

By Kyle Crichton

Producer Foy goes over a script with Marie Wilson, one of his discoveries who attained stardom

By profession Mr. Bryan Foy is a producer of "B" pictures; by inheritance he is a Foy, son of Eddie; and in his own right something to marvel at

THIS skinny gentleman sits behind a desk in Hollywood that is replete with buttons, flashing lights and telephones. He has the look of somebody who has sneaked into the place during the noon hour when the boss was away. But he belongs there whether he acts the part or not. He has one friend who refers to him as King of the B's; his

other friends merely speak of him as that egg or that tramp. This is Bryan Foy, producer of "B" pictures at Warner Brothers and a property more valuable than fine gold.

His present state is far removed from his initial effort in this horrible world. He was the elder child in that brilliant galaxy of maniacs known as Eddie Foy and Family that began a brilliant theatrical career by pulling chairs from under guests at the family lodge at New Rochelle, N. Y., and ended by being thrown out of every hotel on the Keith-Albee circuit. At a time when Brynie was still appearing in the act in short pants, he was upward of nineteen years old and much given to ogling beautiful females from the wings, carrying on running battles with the cops and tripping dance pairs as they started blithely out

from the wings in answer to their music cues. It was generally agreed that if young Bryan escaped public execution it would be a triumph for the family.

This only goes to show how strange life can work out. Brynie Foy is, and has been for years, one of the great institutions of Hollywood. When seen last summer he had six productions going simultaneously on the Warner lot. The story cost on these six little beauties was exactly nothing. Instead of being out of his mind with six units operating, he was sitting in his office with his feet in the air trying to pick something in the fifth at Hollywood Park. The chance that he might pick something worth picking was remote because he never picks anything in anything. Mr. Foy is the type of plunger who could play every horse in the race to show and still not win.

"They'd be shooting horses with broken legs all over the track," says Brynie glumly.

What Foy is doing now in Hollywood may be traced directly to his vaudeville experience. From years of monkeying around in the business, he developed a memory for gags and their variations. When they need a story for a "B" picture at Warners', Brynie either tackles something that is in the public limelight (gangsters, racketeers, crime schools, chain gangs, etc.) or he twists an old tale around. The original story cost is nothing. The first writer takes Brynie's idea and bats out a rough version of a story, simply getting the outline of it. Foy takes that and strengthens it, inserting bits of plot and business. The next batch of writers then gets it and prepares a shooting script. Foy grabs it again and shoots injections into it from his long memory. Then he turns it over to a director and forgets it till he sees the final product.

"All I ask them to do is give me plenty of film," says Foy. With that he can work wonders. Some of the worst pictures ever shot have been made into a good product by Brynie, operating a pair of scissors in the cutting room. He has been known to put the end of the picture first, with great success. He wangles things around, he cuts things out, he re-shoots a few scenes and saves a dead one.

He is a genius at switching plots, operating on the theory that most dramatic stories are alike with the only difference being the setting. To make Bengal Killer, a circus picture, he simply took the plot of Tiger Shark, which was about tuna fishing, and twisted it. It came out brand-new. When he got word from the head office last year that a picture for the Dead End boys must start next Monday, he reached back into that capacious memory, dug up bits of Mayor of Hell, 20,000 Years in Sing Sing, San Quentin, and Roadgang, and produced Crime School, one of the minor smashes of the year.

Entirely a Family Affair

In the days of the old Eddie Foy act, it was a case of every infant for himself. The old gent led them out on the stage and the battle of age and youth began. There were about four points in the act where the family landed simultaneously but even that wasn't compulsory. It was only possible if they could get one of the kids down from the proscenium arch and another out of the orchestra pit. Old Eddie was an Irishman whose original name of Fitzgerald was too long for lights and had been shortened to Foy; Mamma Foy was Italian. This seemed to give the urchins a way of life that was short on discipline but great on interest. When old Eddie was doing his act alone in vaudeville, the Sunday afternoons at the Foy house in New Rochelle were an event for New York. Actors by the hundreds would drop in to eat the Foy food. Not having seen his children since the Sunday before, Eddie would stand by admiringly while they sawed the legs off the dining-room table and performed other childish feats that would have got them killed in a normal household.

Eddie was a great deal bothered with requests for charity appearances and acquiesced eagerly when a friend suggested that he let the kids do an act in his place; they were acting all over the premises anyhow. Eddie went along on their first appearance to see that nobody arose from the audience with a club to welcome his pets and the act grew from that accident. Its price went up to \$2,500 a week; Mamma Foy joined it and each new baby entered as soon as it was weaned. Since it was Papa's act,

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Eddie Buys a Car

By Budd Wilson Schulberg
ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

All about a young couple whose car
could make—and break—a romance

AND so they were married. Everybody said it was a beautiful marriage. Midge with her blood-red roses and her snow-white lace wedding gown and her complexion and her sandy hair and her clear bright face always reminding Eddie of a countryside in the sun, swept clean after an all-night rain. Eddie tall and handsome, in his tails of course, but boyish, too, with his big grin and his eyes giggling. The first night Midge had met him she had told him he was a real mongrel, a cross between a matinee idol and Peck's Bad Boy. That had been months ago, their love had made the time sail by like birds, and now a soprano was singing Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life, and all the good people had gathered to weep and enjoy themselves and all the disappointed beaux were feeling tragic as they told Midge and Eddie they knew they were going to be very happy. But Eddie and Midge just looked at each other and didn't have to be told.

They ran the usual gantlet of shoes and rice as they sped away from the downtown traffic, turned up Wilshire Boulevard, and headed for the beach. Midge said, "Eddie, darling, we've been married five whole minutes."

"And I love you just as much as the moment I married you," Eddie said.

Midge cuddled under his arm. "You know how I feel, Eddie?—like that night we swung in that pendulum down at Ocean Park and it finally swung all the way around—that second we were completely upside down, holding on to each other as if we were all there was in the world."

Eddie grinned that sappy grin which is the license of all grooms. "We've been balancing upside down five minutes and thirty seconds. I guess we're about the swellest little balancers in the world."

He switched on the radio. Tony Martin was singing Love Walked In. It was just about the most romantic moment in the history of the world as far as they knew. They sang merrily together:

"Love walked right in and dee-dee da da-da dum

Love walked right in da dee dum sunniest day . . ."

Then they weren't singing any more. And the car wasn't moving. It was the first real kiss. A milestone to eight minutes of marital bliss—planted somewhere in the middle of Wilshire Boulevard. For one swell moment love dared to interfere with the general course of Los Angeles traffic. Then horns honked, irritable voices loudly protested this



infringement on the rights of motor vehicles, Eddie almost broke the starter because he forgot the motor was still running, and they headed for the beach faster than ever.

The cottage at Topanga Canyon was off the main highway, a snug little gingerbread kind of place perched on stilts right above the ocean. From it they could see the creamy pathway of the moonlight stretching across the dim blue surface of the sea; as they sat silently together they listened to the lapping of the water beneath them, and the regular and somewhat peaceful pounding of the waves on the shore. And so they let the ocean speak for them, swearing to be as constant as the tides, strong and deep as the currents, and yet with unexpected white-capped flurries of excitement.

That was Saturday night. Sunday seemed even more idyllic. They soaked their bodies in the heat of the sun and the cold, foamy water; they celebrated anniversaries every hour, feeling wild and carefree and completely of each other.

Midge said, "If we could only climb up there and hold the sun in place so this day would never end."

The sun was already beginning to take its crimson slide into the sea.

Eddie swallowed and said, "We'll have to start home soon, Midge, if we ever expect to be able to get up for work tomorrow morning."

As soon as Eddie said that the honeymoon was over, and they were joining the Sunday beach procession—part of that long, tedious line heading slowly and reluctantly back to the realities of the city.

HOME was a three-room flat in one of Los Angeles' cheaper apartment districts. Even though they had hunted for the place together and had even come up to rearrange the furniture a week before, the place was something of a shock to them. The lavishness of their marriage and the two days which followed at that beach cabin of Eddie's supervisor in the office were like a fabulous interlude that they had only dreamed about. This was painfully emphasized when Eddie sat down to phone.

"Hello, Mac," he said as cheerfully as possible. "Well, here we are, kid. You can come over and get your car any time. We left the key to the cabin in the side pocket. And thanks a million. We'll never forget it."

Midge was a salesgirl in a downtown department store. She earned twenty-

two-fifty a week. She had never actually liked to tell Eddie what she earned because she knew it was two and a half dollars more than he got as one of the battalion of assistant bookkeepers for the gas company.

The only reason Midge could have stood the first month at all was because they were so much in love. She would have to get up fifteen minutes before him to make breakfast. They would rush out of the house so fast in the morning that they never had time to straighten their beds until they came home. Midge had an affinity for cleanliness that approximated a religion, but the apartment could never be put in the order she wanted because she couldn't afford to pay enough to the girl she had in once a week to induce her to do a thorough job. Eight hours on her feet and another on the streetcar would bring her home weary and grumpy to face the last job she wanted on earth at that moment, to cook supper, and then to wash the dishes.

Of course Eddie felt self-conscious about all this, especially so because he was so helpless to do anything about it. His versatility never went so far as to make him a handy man in a kitchen and his avowals to hire a maid to take over Midge's domestic chores were half-

For one swell moment love dared to interfere with the general course of traffic. Then horns honked, irritable voices loudly protested

hearted and unencouraging because they were so poorly grounded in economic fact.

But they could have stood the six week days if they could have licked the Sunday problem. Sunday without a car is not so different from being on an island without a boat. Usually they would sleep late, and then read the papers for an hour in bed, starting with the funnies and working down to the front page. They would read about the wonderful drives to take and the places to go. Of course it was almost always hot, and the beach was waiting, but the only times they ever had a chance to go was when Frank, Eddie's pal, would borrow his father's car. Then they would stretch out on the sand in the sun as they had that wonderful Sunday of honeymooning, and the heat would bake all the tension and aggravation out of them, and they would begin to flirt and make love to each other again, as they had in the beginning. (Continued on page 42)

DECOY

By Hurd Barrett

The only thing Jim Reed knew about the girl was that she'd kill him if she could. He learned the rest of it in a scorching battle in the air

THE crash had been cleared away. Ken Nelson had his two-thousand-dollar prize for winning the race, Steve Cartley was twenty-five minutes dead, and the crowd in the grandstands had lost its horror-struck silence. You could always tell, Jim Reed reflected, what the crowd was feeling by the way it sounded. In the heat of a race, when two pilots were shoving around the pylons too hot, fighting for position, the crowd roared—an excited, sustained roaring that somehow scared you.

It had been like that when Cartley and Nelson came screaming into that fatal turn; but after it had tasted blood—after Cartley, flying as if he were crazy, had slapped his crate into a too-sudden vertical and smeared into the ground at two hundred and fifty per—the crowd hadn't roared any more. It was silent for a long time, with a silence punctuated by occasional murmuring.

By now, though, the second heat of the Randolph Trophy qualifying race was half over, and it was roaring again. For the girl. She was flying a nasty little ship called an Upson Speedwing—flying it with a recklessness that made Jim Reed gasp. Fighting with Pete Olsen for first place, and giving Pete as much as he could take. Pete, who had the reputation of holding on longer than any other pilot in the circuit—except maybe Ken Nelson. . . . Shrieking down the straightaway with him, wing to wing; she on the inside. Slapping her crate into a vertical you'd have sworn would tear her wings off, angling a full two seconds after Pete had throttled down for the pylon. . . . And she won the race.

JIM watched her land, and it wasn't pretty. The special was short—not much over fifteen feet overall—with wings no bigger than those oversize ironing boards you see in Chink laundries. Which was okay, of course, until she tried to set it back on the ground. For even with its undersized flaps down, the crate was still ticking over a good hundred miles per hour when its stumpy wings reneged, and it dropped onto the runway.

He was used to all this, and if it hadn't been for the girl it wouldn't have bothered him. But when he saw her crawl out of the tiny cockpit and stand beside the special, trying to smile at the news photographers while the announcer told the world that she was eligible for the Randolph Trophy race the next day, it got him. She wasn't very big, and she had blue eyes. Also, she seemed scared and miserable, as if winning airplane races wasn't much fun for her.

Maybe this is what made him ask Terry Owens who she was. Or perhaps it was the look she gave him when she walked by on the way to the judges' stand. . . . Anyway, he asked.

Terry gave him a scowl that said, "You, too?" Terry Owens was his mechanic, and what he didn't know about the circuits you could have shoved in the pitot of an air-speed indicator. "That's Joel Grey," he said. As if that would have settled the thing.

It didn't. "Who's Joel Grey?" Jim asked.

Terry spat scornfully. "She's from Denver," he said. "A prize-copping dame—high-hat and nasty." He gave Jim a fishy stare. "And lay off," he advised. "She's Ken Nelson's girl."

BUT Jim didn't lay off. Something about that look she'd given him refused to leave his mind. Not many women had looked at him that way. Ken Nelson's girl. . . . He remembered meeting Nelson once in Oakland. A big, blond guy with steel-blue eyes that might have belonged to a fish. He didn't mix, and nobody knew much about him except that it wasn't healthy to push him in the turns.

Most pilots would pull out for you if you got in a jam; Nelson wouldn't. Cartley had furnished additional proof of that this afternoon; and Cartley was the third in a year. . . . Jim thought of tomorrow's trophy race. He and Nelson had the two fastest ships and would be fighting for first place. His jaw tightened. Nelson might try to play rough with him, too. Well, he wasn't worried. He could take care of himself. Meanwhile, though, there was the matter of this girl.

That evening, after he'd set his tight little monoplane down on the ground after the final test run, he went back to his hotel, cleaned up and went looking for her.

She didn't find easy. She wasn't at Tony's or the Fairway or at the Villa; and it was ten o'clock when he ran across her at the Château in Culver City. At the bar with her back to it, sipping a cocktail and beating time with her shiny head to the swing band. She was wearing a black evening dress as streamlined as a trophy racer, and the rest of her lived up to the dress.

He went across the dance floor, and sat down on the stool next to her. "I'm Jim Reed," he said. "I saw you at the races this afternoon. I wanted to meet you."

The girl looked up at him . . . insolently, with her blue eyes cold and a little scornful. Instinctively, he knew she remembered him—but she gave no sign. "How interesting!" she said coldly. And turned her sun-tanned back on him.

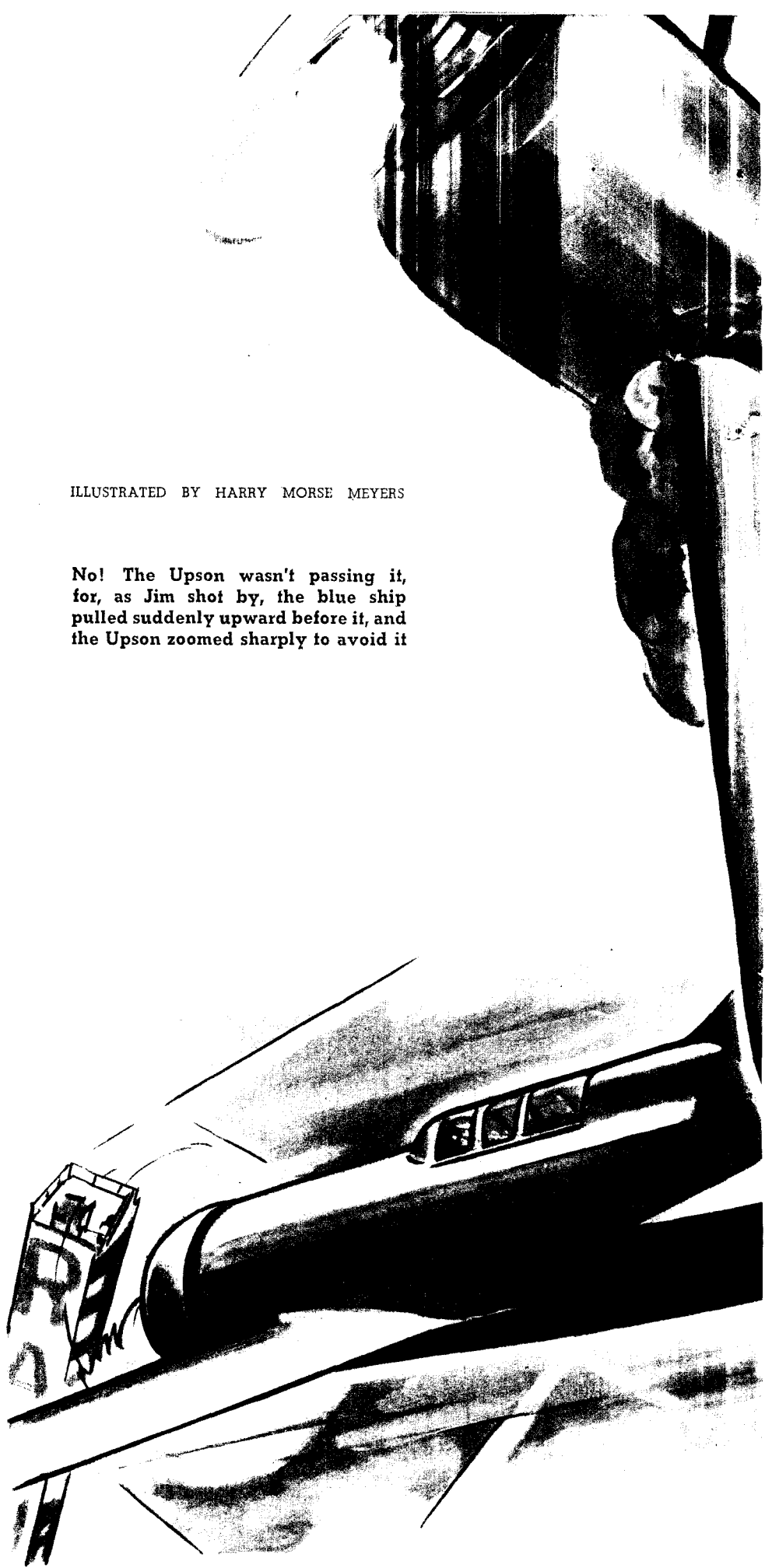
He'd laid himself open by barging in, and there was no reason for him to get hot. But he did. The skin at the back of his neck began to tingle, and his eyes smarted, the way they always did when the well-known Reed temper slipped a cog.

"They were right," he said through his teeth. "Dead right. Just a prize-copping dame. High-hat and nasty. You gave me the come-on this afternoon and now you play hard to know. To hell with you!" He turned and walked across the dance floor—setting his feet down hard. Anxious to get out of there and away from her.

In the cloakroom he heard her calling after him, but he didn't stop. He was halfway out the front door when he felt her hand on his arm.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

No! The Upson wasn't passing it, for, as Jim shot by, the blue ship pulled suddenly upward before it, and the Upson zoomed sharply to avoid it



She said, "I'm sorry, Jim Reed. Awfully sorry." Her face was grave and lonely and somehow beaten—the way he remembered it that afternoon. "I'm like that sometimes. Let's dance. Let's have two Martinis—no more, because we have to fly tomorrow—and have fun and forget that I was high-hat and nasty. . . ."

SO THEY danced and drank their two Martinis apiece. And later, about eleven, they got in Jim's rented roadster and drove down to the beach, and sat talking in the moonlight until talk died and there seemed nothing left to say. He kissed her then, and knew suddenly

why he'd come looking for her this evening—and why she had been able to make him angry. Her face was soft in the moonlight, and her lips were soft too; and afterward, when she looked up at him, smiling, with the tiny flyer's wrinkles gone from the corners of her eyes, and her warm arms tight around him, he kissed her again.

In the middle of the kiss she broke away from him.

He laughed, but the angry feeling came rushing back at him. "I'm sorry," he said, keeping his voice even. "I forgot there was another guy."

She looked up at him. "Another guy?" "Nelson. You're his girl."



Her eyes hardened then, and her lips curled a little as she laughed. "Dear Kennie," she said. "I'd almost forgotten him. Almost," she repeated. Then: "Take me back where you found me."

THEY drove back to the Château through the moonlight, not talking much at first; and then talking a lot, but not about things that mattered. He parked his car in the lot and slid out to open her door, but she had it open and was on the running board.

"You're not coming in?" she asked. "He—he's waiting for me."

A devil stirred in him and he laughed. "We'll have a drink together. We three."

"Don't be a fool," she said. "Run along now. I'll say I was late. That way he won't know. Please."

Quite instinctively, he said, "I'm not afraid of him," before he realized how ridiculous the words sounded. He found that his nerves were taut, and that his mind was saying to him, over and over: "She is afraid. There's something underneath you don't understand."

Then, quite suddenly, her eyes hardened and she said, "Suit yourself, big boy." He followed her down the path to the night club, hating her a little, and feeling miserable.

Inside, the swing band was going full out, with the black boy who played the

piano hitting all the black notes, and the clarinet player giving out high and shrill. "What the devil?" he thought. "Just one girl out of a couple of million. She gave me two kisses. So what . . . ?" He grinned at her. "Let's dance," he said, and swung her onto the floor, pulling her hard against him.

They'd danced only a dozen steps when she broke away. Her face was white. "Don't, Jim! Please don't. I know what you're thinking. It's not so. I meant that kiss. You've got to believe it. Things are all messed up. Terribly messed up. Go home now and forget tonight ever happened. Please. Ken's waiting for me at the bar."

For a long moment he looked at her. Then he said slowly:

"I'm going with you. You're afraid of him. I'm going to find out why."

AFTER that, they had a drink together—Jim and Joel Grey and Ken Nelson. They sat at the bar, while the colored boy played the piano for the slinky girl who sang; with Ken Nelson acting as if he owned Joel Grey; and Joel begging Jim with her eyes to go away.

He didn't go. Because she wanted him to go, he sat there and smiled and was exceedingly polite. He said just one thing to Nelson during the whole time.

(Continued on page 37)



You'll be Seeing Them

By Aimee Larkin

THE girls are going sissy on the beaches this season. None of your boyish stuff. They want to look like little girls, like Victorian ladies gone modern (frilly but functional is the word), or they want to show off their fetching young figures. To these desirable ends, they are going in for rompers and gingham, can-can ruffles, taffeta, off-the-shoulder effects, elastic satin and alluring colors.

You can go right back to your childhood (if it's not too far back) like that brat in the red and white checked gingham across the page; or you can be a glamor girl in a strapless elastic satin, like the gal who's being doused. Fashion gives you everything, from little-girl clothes to siren suits; so take your choice, according to your age (approximate), your figure and your whim.

Getting right down to pointing, the checked suit is edged with eyelet embroidery like the kind you had on your muslin panties when you were a little girl. In contrary fashion, the top of this romper suit is copied from a big girl's brassière. Sitting on the sand next is a princess tunic suit in vibrant blue moire, harking back to Grandma's day, but not harking too far. Instead

of the clumsy bathing suit of the nineties, the modern girl snatches the evening styles, trimming them down into streamlined swimming suits. Some versions of this tunic go froufrou with ruffles top and bottom. That gray suit getting splashed in the background is a knitted maillot, for the girl with a figure and a yen for the warmth of wool. The strapless suit is one of the triumphs of the season, whether you're out for an even tan or just can't give up the lure of your strapless evening gown. It really stays up, but she does have a halter strap just in case, for actual swimming.

Basking in the sun, in picture Number Two, is a girl who looks so well in her corselette she wears the same idea to the beach, in flattering elastic satin. It's cut to do the best things by the figure. They call the color immodest violet. Next to her is a girl who likes to be contrary; she covers up her shoulders with little Victorian sleeves but wears the very popular and naked two-piece suit. This one is made of that shirred satin that fits and flatters everyone. The colors in it range through the popular blues, lavender and fuchsia. Another combination to covet for

Here comes a bunch of girls in bathing suits, to give you some tips on how to keep your audience looking — on Southern beaches this winter (some people have all the luck) and on any beach next summer. For these are the suits you'll be seeing and wearing

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL





such a suit is handsome lime yellow with green. In fact, the beaches are going to be drenched with color . . . all the yellows from lime to mustard, deep American Beauty red, candy pink, fuchsia, purple, porcelain blues right through to ultramarine, the classic chalk white with navy blue. Sharkskin, so handsome in white, is taking on new beauty with color this year. In chartreuse-yellow shorts with red and white flowered crepe top, it makes a color combination to remember.

When you turned to this page, you weren't getting into the kiddies' pen: you were simply viewing the little-girl fashions at their youngest. The baby's romper suit, no less, in black and white striped taffeta—the girls have discovered the baby knows what's practical and modest for sprawling around; cute, too. The coat has been lifted straight from baby carriage to beach, and done up in white terry cloth. High to the neck and long in the sleeve, it will cover you up when you've had your quota of sun; no excuse for that blistered, fried look that went out when feminine, frilly fashions came in. The long sleeve is even cropping up in golf dresses, exercise suits, play clothes, tennis dresses, to help you fend off a dusky tan.

Sitting, center, on the sand is a modern Victorian lady in purple taffeta. Her coat is the other popular beach type, short also, and princess in line. Under it she wears bra and brief panties, coyly edged with pleated ruffle. Slick strapless black satin to your left of her, looking like a shiny seal when it comes out of the water, and dull, mossy fabric, one of the newest materials of the season, making a maillot which can also be worn strapless, complete the beach frolics of 1939. If you want to join in, wearing any of these suits, write to us and we'll direct you to them.



Strange Honeymoon

Continued from page 17

of life, or something of the sort. When I return home it will be in a golden chariot behind three champing chargers."

"In a nightgown," commented Angel. "I've seen pictures of those mugs."

Gene asked, "What do you think you're going to do?"

"I don't know," Alan paused long enough to order another Scotch. "I've always been fascinated by those chaps who sell hot chestnuts on the street, and if there's another blizzard before spring, I believe I could qualify as an A-number-one snow shoveler. I could even sell papers, though there doesn't seem to be a tremendous future in that. The one thing I'm not going to do is trade on Dad's name and connections. My labors will be poor things but mine own . . . and seriously, I haven't the faintest idea."

He was serious; both Gene and Angel understood that. There was something behind those laughing brown eyes—something that was without laughter. Gene said quietly, "I'll give you a job with my Gotham Escort Bureau."

"No, thanks. I'm not escorting dames for hire."

"I didn't mean that. And I'm talking cold turkey. My bureau is growing. I need a social manager whose name means something. You'll never have to escort anybody, but you will have to take over my job of checking up on the lads when they're working, and of handling clients who have things to say. That'll leave me free to look after the business end. I'll pay you sixty bucks a week."

Alan smiled. "Thanks again, Gene. But I'm not accepting charity, either."

"This isn't charity. It fits in with what you need, and it'll be a swell thing for me. Sixty and expenses. What do you say?"

"I'm still not taking things from friends."

Angel leaned across the table. She said, "Gene's on the level, Alan."

"So . . . ? I suppose you'll tell me now that I could actually earn sixty dollars a week."

"He should have offered you a hundred—no foolin'. You're worth that—and more—if you really work at it."

Alan frowned. "Two persuasive folks. You almost convince me."

"Figure it out for yourself," persisted Gene. "I wouldn't bother to argue. But get this, Alan—business is business with me. You're worth a hundred and I'm offering sixty. I really need you."

"Then," said Alan, "I'll accept. But the minute I feel I'm not earning my salary, I'm through."

"It's a bargain," smiled Gene. "You'll start tomorrow morning."

WITHIN a month, Alan Hughes lost all reticence about accepting his weekly salary. Approaching the first and only job he had ever held, with a feeling that he was being made the beneficiary of friendly charity, he kept his guard up—but for only a short while. Gene Lyons turned out to be an exacting taskmaster, and after the brief period of adjustment had passed, Alan found his work absorbing.

It was simple enough, and it was the one job in the world for which he had been adequately trained. He had his own office with discreet lettering on the ground-glass door:

MR. HUGHES—PRIVATE

It was a much larger and grander office than the one that Gene occupied. In

that office Alan interviewed the young men who acted as escorts for the bureau; explaining the purpose of the organization, impressing upon them the necessity for impeccable morals, warning them (from a fund of data supplied by Gene) against the ubiquitous female who sought amour rather than escort; and, what was even more important, he here met and conversed with ladies who desired most earnestly to avail themselves of the services offered, and yet who were apprehensive.

It was this service at which Alan most particularly shone, and the one that he least liked. He was amazed by the army of lonely ladies who were willing to spend money, but dreaded the possibility of embarrassment. He found out early that they liked him, that they recognized and appreciated his obvious gentility; he learned that they could be convinced if only for the reason that they so very much wanted to be convinced.

He noticed that, after the first two weeks, Gene Lyons ceased to exercise any more than the most casual supervision; and he was pleased to note also that Gene relied more and more on his other services.

FIVE nights a week, Alan checked the itineraries that had been planned for his escorts and their companions; five nights a week, he donned dinner clothes and made the rounds of those spots, critically appraising the manner of his employees, making notes for advice or admonition the following morning, conceiving ideas for improving the rare service that the bureau offered. He was scrupulously conscientious about all of this, and was rather astonished to discover that his favorite night spots became more than a trifle boring now that he visited them constantly through necessity rather than choice.

Meanwhile, he was living in a new and hitherto unsuspected world. He moved into a small and efficient one-room-and-almost-kitchenette apartment. He learned to percolate coffee and even—though not without mental anguish—boil eggs; neither function being financially necessary—but each providing novelty and amusement. He engaged one of the housemaids to come in every afternoon at two and clean the place—at the standard rate of fifty cents per hour. He found a laundry two blocks away that did good work at slightly cheaper prices than the one in the building, and he patronized that laundry. In brief, he found his new existence intriguing and exciting, and anything but boring.

Meanwhile, Judith had waited for one incredulous and lonely week in the Hughes mansion before taking any steps to adjust her own life. She had been pleased and rather proud of Alan's gesture in walking out of the house. She had felt that he would contact her soon, seeking advice, and perhaps help. His failure to do so had occasioned surprise, and some happiness.

When she learned what he was doing, she experienced a sense of disappointment. The thing seemed to her to be a makeshift—a playboy continuing to play and calling it work. She entrusted Jim Terry with the task of finding out what was really happening and listened hopefully to Jim's report that, if he were a competent judge, Alan was working hard and earnestly, that he was earning every dollar Gene Lyons might be paying, and that he—Jim Terry—couldn't see why that wasn't just as fine a job as any other.

In the course of this investigation, Jim



PSST! BILL! LET'S GO HOME!

ON THE WAY HOME BILL WAS CROSS AS A BEAR, BUT THE NEXT DAY—

I JUST CAN'T STAY OUT LIKE THAT, MOTHER. JUST HAVEN'T THE PEP I USED TO HAVE. I DON'T BLAME BILL FOR BEING CROSS.

SOME TIME LATER—

THAT WORD "PEP" GIVES ME AN IDEA, BETTY. THEY SAY VITAMINS GIVE US PEP. AND THERE'S A GRAND CEREAL CALLED PEP THAT'S ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT EVERY MORNING FOR BREAKFAST!

HELLO, MOM! BILL SENT ME FLOWERS FOR THE PARTY TONIGHT, BUT I THINK THEY SHOULD GO TO YOU FOR THAT SWELL IDEA ABOUT PEP AND VITAMINS. AND, MOM, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT KELLOGG'S PEP IS SO CRISP AND DELICIOUS. I'D LOVE IT FOR ITS TASTE ALONE.

IF YOU TOO HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU — THE NEW WAY YOU CAN FEEL — THE NEW ZEST YOU CAN HAVE! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP DAILY. PEP, THE 30% BRAN FLAKES KNOWN FOR YEARS AS A MILDLY LAXATIVE CEREAL, NOW HAS OTHER BENEFITS. IT'S BEEN ENRICHED WITH VITAMIN B₁ AND VITAMIN D. AND IT'S MORE DELICIOUS THAN EVER!

Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN-ENRICHED 30% BRAN FLAKES

Vitamins give you Pep!

PEP gives you Vitamins!*

* One serving of PEP gives 1/5 of an adult's and 1/2 of a child's daily requirement of vitamin B₁, and as much vitamin D as a teaspoon of cod-liver oil. For vitamin C, drink fruit juice; for G and A, eat green vegetables. PEP is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

had encountered Alan, and young Mr. Hughes had insisted on taking Jim home with him for a nightcap. Thereupon a vivid description of Alan's monastically simple living quarters was given to the astounded Judith. She asked, "What did he say about me?"

"He asked how you were getting along."

"How did he ask it?"

"What difference does that make, Judith?"

She flushed. "Maybe I'm just a descendant of Eve's. Nice and curious—or at least curious. I want to know exactly how he framed the question."

Jim couldn't lie: "Well, Alan said, 'How are Judith and Martha getting along?'"

"Thanks . . ." Some of the warm glow that Judith had felt was momentarily dissipated.

But Judith was a sensible person. All her life she had been trained to face facts squarely. She descended upon Martha Hastings, inundated that young lady with logical arguments, and a week later Miss Hastings moved into the big house in the East Sixties, Alan's house, in which he insisted that Judith must continue to live—temporarily at least. "But I'm not giving up the apartment," warned Martha. "I may not like it, and you may not like it. And besides, Alan—"

Judith laughed shortly. "I wouldn't have insisted, Martha, if I'd thought that there was a chance of Alan returning."

And though she didn't think there was a chance, she continued to hope. It was one thing to be proud of what he was doing, and something quite different to discover how much he actually had come to mean to her. "If it weren't for Snitch—and Jenkins," she confessed, "I'd be the most miserable girl in the world."

BUT even the affectionate and energetic Snitch could not quite take the place of the missing Alan. Nor were Jenkins' quiet eyes always reassuring. There were times when she wondered whether she was doing the right thing to stay on in Alan's house—but she was glad to be convinced and to cling to this last tie. He had moved out—but he had not yet mentioned divorce.

Martha was a godsend. And having Martha there meant seeing a good deal of Jim Terry, too. Big, booming, direct Jim Terry who saw much and said little. "He's grand," Judith told herself, "and he's not a problem child."

Jim Terry, as a matter of fact, was playing a role that he himself did not suspect: It was through him that Judith kept her ego from becoming too severely deflated. He was apparently devoted to her. He kept her aware of the fact that she had the power to attract men. Some men, at any rate. Only when she was alone did Judith confess that she had failed with the one man who meant most.

Almost a month had passed before she dared talk frankly to Martha. It happened one evening when Martha breezed in from her labors at the huge advertising agency. They were in Martha's bedroom.

Judith said, "I got what I asked for, didn't I, Martha?"

"Yes . . . By all the rules of logic, you should be proud of your handiwork."

"Am I?"

"Uh-huh. Proud and disappointed."

"And more than a trifle sappy."

"Can you help it if you're overboard?"

"I'm afraid not . . ." Judith hesitated, and then: "Don't you think he might have telephoned me?"

"He might have. But he didn't." Martha's kindness was that of the skilled surgeon.

"I have some pride."

"How much?"

Judith's eyes met the black ones of her friend. She said, "Touché! Not much."

Martha said, deliberately, "Alan's not doing escort work, but he might consider it under certain circumstances."

"Martha! You don't mean—"

"I certainly do. Run along to your cedar chest, Judith, and take your sense of humor out of the mothballs. Rome wasn't made in a day, and neither was any worth-while man."

"I'll do it," Judith felt exalted. "And if it works—"

"I've got a date with Jim Terry. The old faithful geezer."

JUDITH didn't have to consult the telephone directory. She dialed a number and a soft, cool, feminine voice answered: "Gotham Escort Bureau."

"May I speak to Mr. Hughes?"

"Mr. Hughes is busy on another wire. Do you care to wait?"

"I'll wait," Judith stifled the crazy impulse to say that she'd been waiting for a month.

And so she waited: waited while

"Sorry, Madame: Mister Hughes ain't that kind of a boy. He's merely an executive. But we have some very nice young men who could dance the feet off you—"

"Aw, Alan . . . be a good scout."

"Sorry." His voice was crisp. "It's not in my line. Goodby."

She heard his receiver click on the hook, and she backed away from her own telephone with hot tears in her eyes. She felt humiliated . . . deeply hurt . . . angry.

The telephone rang: long, loudly, insistently. Limply she reached out and said, "Hello . . ."

"Honey! This is Alan." His voice was gay and eager, and she didn't know what to say or how to say it. And so she waited.

He went on brightly, "How's about a date for tonight? Just you and me?"

"But Alan—"

"That was different. Can't break office rules. This is strictly personal and on an amateur basis."

She wanted to laugh. She did laugh. She hoped it wasn't hysteria . . . but whether it was or not, she laughed. She

it? I was sayin' to Mamie—that's my girl friend—when I bought it: I was sayin', 'Gee, ain't them Park Avenue folks suckers for spending how much money like they spend for things.' I says to her, 'Mamie, I gotta boy friend which appreciates it when a girl makes a dollar go a long way.' I says, 'Why, you know, Mamie, if I was to go extravagant on him, he'd slap me down.'"

Jenkins walked off, grinning a rather sickly grin. He was aware that this was all pretense, but it seemed to him to be without particular value, and Jenkins was too deeply concerned about Alan and Judith to approve of unseemly levity.

The night was warm, with a glamorous warmth, and they walked hand-in-hand across to Lexington Avenue, where Alan stopped a bus, and they clambered inside. He said, "We ain't had a date for a long time."

"No, we ain't. But it wasn't my fault."

"It wasn't nobody's fault. I got a boss that if you don't punch the time clock regular, and work overtime also, he has a light in his eye that means scram."

"You're looking good, though I guess it's on account that hard work agrees with you."

"You ain't lookin' so crumby yourself, Judith." He pulled the bell cord and the bus wheezed to a halt. "Le's go, Judith. This here is where we're headed."

HE CONDUCTED her into a huge restaurant, rich in chromium and glass. He changed a dollar into nickels and she followed him around, dropping coins into slots and watching tiny doors swing back to contribute their contents to her evening meal. "I never do nothin' halfway," explained Alan. "When I take a doll out, the sky's the limit."

"Sounds awful interestin', Alan."

"I hate cheap skates. Some guys I know, they're always figurin' they better save for a rainy day, and I tell them how do they know it's gonna rain. Besides, they usually most always spend it shootin' pool or somethin'. Now me, I b'lieve in a guy havin' fun, because I figure that we don't live but once and what's money for anyway, if it ain't to give the girl friend a good time et cetera."

"That's it, Alan. Especially the part about et cetera."

"I thought you'd unnerstand. You got such a sympathetic nature."

"Yeh, Alan—I sure have. Sympathetic—and warm, too."

The dinner was gay. This was a new Alan . . . yet he was new in a delightful way. Apparently his encounter with the practicalities of life had softened him, without robbing him of one iota of his charm. And he was pleased with her way of accepting the masquerade. Over coffee he suggested the movies. "There's two swell pitchers playin' double-bill right around the corner. You like Clark Gable?"

"I'm crazy about him."

"Same here. And I like Myrna Loy, too. But I most particular got a crush on Snow White."

"She's a nice girl. I don't believe half this gossip I hear about her. Folks is always sayin' nasty things."

The neighborhood house to which he escorted her exuded a none-too-delicate odor. "It ain't exactly got class, Judith—but it's cheap."

A picture that was striving to achieve B rating was in the process of unfolding. In the darkness Alan's hand sought Judith's. She knew it was all part of the game, part of the mood he was in, but even that did not alter the fact that it was Alan's hand, that it was a warm, strong hand . . . and she hoped he wouldn't suspect that she was no longer playing. She felt rather silly holding



"I wish it were five after twelve so we could go home"

MARGOT

thoughts chased one another through her mind. What would Alan think? How would she talk? What would he say? Could she carry it off? . . . And then came the voice of the switchboard operator. "Mr. Hughes will speak with you now."

"Hello . . ." That was Alan's voice, so definitely the same, and so definitely different.

"Alan . . ."

"Judith!" She would have sworn that he had brightened. But maybe she just thought that because she wanted to. She said, as gaily as she could, "You're slipping, Alan. You should have said, 'Imagine hearing your voice.'"

"I can't even imagine it. It's too good to be true."

"Well . . ." She pulled herself together. "This is strictly a business call."

"Good. What can I do you for?"

"I'm alone this evening, Mr. Hughes. I need an escort."

"Aaaaaah! Right up our alley. Long, short, blond or brunet?"

"I want one about five-nine in height, weight about one hundred and sixty, brown hair and eyes, and with a slightly subnormal intelligence. I'd like his name to be Alan Hughes."

said, "As great a fool as ever, aren't you?"

"When I'm off duty—as, for instance, tonight. Are we set?"

"Mister, we're set."

"It's my evening, Judith. No dressing up. You might find it interesting."

"Find what interesting, Alan?"

"You'll be surprised. I'll call for you promptly at seven-thirty." He was chuckling. "Tonight, Judith—I'm going to show you how the other half lives."

JUDITH heard Jenkins open the front door and say, "How are you, Mr. Alan?" and she smiled at Alan's reply:

"Good evenin'. Is the Missus in?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Alan—"

"Willya tell her the boy friend is here? She'll unnerstand. We gotta date, see?"

It was apparent from Jenkins' voice that he did not see, and so Judith went to his rescue. She came through the hallway with hand outstretched, and laughter in her eyes.

"Hiya, Alan."

"Hi, Toots." Alan surveyed her new dress with its jade accessories, and said, "Gee, you look classy."

"Four-ninety-eight, would you believe

hands there in the darkness; very silly, but very happy, closer to him somehow than she had ever felt before.

There was a highly emotional love scene, at which Alan's clasp tightened, and Judith experienced a moment of panic. She covered with a desperate effort at lightness.

"I bet," she whispered, "that you do that to all the girls."

"Uh-huh. A guy has gotta be a gent," said Alan.

Judith thought, "And *that* should show you where you get off, Mrs. Hughes."

They sat through both features and a newsreel. Alan explaining that he had small patience with folks who spent their good money and then walked out just on account the pitcher was lousy, an' what the hell did they expect for fifteen cents anyway. At eleven-thirty they started up Lexington Avenue, and Alan showed her inside a gleaming, white-tiled hamburger stand. "Two franks," he ordered grandly, "and a coupla orange juices." To Judith he said, "All my friends, they're always sayin' about me—they say, 'That Alan Hughes—he ain't no piker. He works hard, but what he gets, he spends. He's a swell guy, that Alan!'"

"And I bet they say you're quite a card, too, don't they?"

"Yeh, I'm a card. Only I got a good line for when they say somethin' like that. I always say, 'Yeh, I'm a card all right, an' the card I am is the joker.' That's what I always say."

IT WASN'T until he had walked her to the house—and until he sat in the library with her enjoying a nightcap, that she shifted from the delightful banter of the evening. She said, "Tell me all about it, Alan."

He grinned boyishly. "I'm doing my humble best."

"How do you and labor get along?"

"You'd be amazed. I am. And, Judith, you'd oughta see me berl an egg."

"When I first heard about it—"

"You thought I was mooching." He chuckled. "I thought so, too. But only at first. When you hear of a lad working for Gene Lyons, you can bet he's earning every nickel he gets. And I love it."

"No regrets?"

"Lady—none whatsoever. No matter what sort of a follow-through I've got, I'm handing you this: you've made me doubt my own lifelong philosophy. Without trying to go sappy on you, I'll confess that there's a kick to the earned dollar that's entirely different, and quite refreshing." He rose and looked down at her. "Kidding aside, Judith—I've had a grand evening."

"Encore, pretty please."

"Ma'am, howdy."

"You're really very human, you know."

"So I'm beginning to suspect."

He was looking at her when he said it, and she wondered . . . but his next words dispelled whatever illusion she may have had. He said, "I'm getting a great wallop out of living alone."

"Oh . . . of course."

"And you must come up and see me sometime."

"Ask me. I dare you."

"You're asked. Day and hour at the moment indefinite." He held out his hand. "Night, honey."

"Good night."

She followed him to the door, and closed it behind him. One o'clock of a gentle spring night, and the ultrare-spectable street was shrouded in somber gloom. She snapped off the light in the vestibule and latched the big grilled door. Her last glimpse of him as she let herself into the reception hall was of a most attractive young man standing somewhat uncertainly on the brown-stone steps lighting a cigarette.

She moved slowly toward the stairway, feeling that the evening had been everything that such an evening should be . . . and yet experiencing a sense of disappointment. What it should have been, what it had been . . . and what she had hoped it might be . . . well, they were different, that's all. "I'm being a sister to him," she thought, with a touch of bitterness, "and I hate being a sister."

Suddenly the silence of the night was punctured by a sharp explosion. Just one. Judith found herself rigid and cold as ice. A horrid fear reached out and grabbed her. It had no sense, no basis. But she experienced a shock that sent her rushing to the front door. She flung it open.

(To be continued next week)



Melvyn Douglas

Co-starred with
Virginia Bruce
in Columbia's

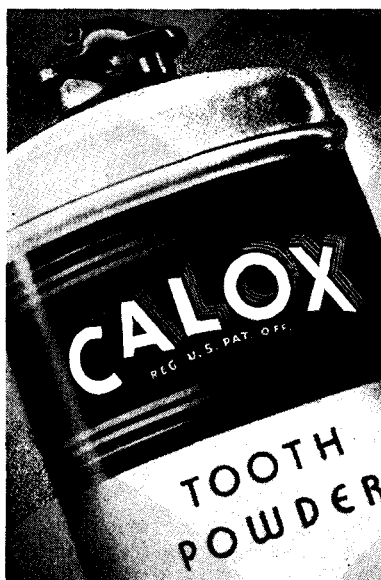
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"Thanks for the toy, sourpuss!"

WILLIAM STEIG

Murder for Christmas

Continued from page 19

teach the police their jobs, eh? Pretty competent body of men on the whole."

George shook his head darkly.

"Scotland Yard should be called in. I'm not at all satisfied with Superintendent Sugden—he may be painstaking—but he is certainly far from brilliant."

Mr. Charlton said, "I don't agree with you, you know. Sugden's a good man. Doesn't throw his weight about, but he gets there."

Lydia said, "I'm sure the police are doing their best. Mr. Charlton, will you have a glass of sherry?"

Mr. Charlton thanked her politely, but declined. Then, clearing his throat, he proceeded to the reading of the will, all members of the family being assembled.

He read it with a certain relish, lingering over its more obscure phraseology, and savoring its legal technicalities.

He came to the end, took off his glasses, wiped them and looked round on the assembled company inquiringly.

Harry Lee said, "All this legal stuff's a bit hard to follow. Give us the bare bones of it, will you?"

"Really?" said Mr. Charlton. "It's a perfectly simple will."

Harry said, "What's a difficult will like then?"

Mr. Charlton rebuked him with a cold glance. He said, "The main provisions of the will are quite simple. Half Mr. Lee's property goes to his son, Mr. Alfred Lee; the remainder is divided between his other children."

Harry laughed unpleasantly. He said, "As usual, Alfred's struck lucky! Half my father's fortune! Lucky dog, aren't you, Alfred?"

Alfred flushed. Lydia said sharply, "Alfred was a loyal and devoted son to his father. He's managed the works for years and has had all the responsibility."

Harry said, "Oh, yes, Alfred was always the good boy."

Alfred said sharply, "You may consider yourself lucky, I think, Harry, that my father left you anything at all!"

Harry laughed, throwing his head back and caressing his jaw. He said, "You'd have liked it better if he'd cut me right out, wouldn't you? You've always disliked me."

MR. CHARLTON coughed. He was used—only too well used—to the painful scenes that succeeded the reading of a will. He was anxious to get away before the usual family quarrel got too well under way.

He murmured, "I think—er—that is all I need—er—"

Harry said sharply, "What about Pilar?"

Mr. Charlton coughed again, this time apologetically. "Er—Miss Estravados is not mentioned in the will."

Harry said, "Doesn't she get her mother's share?"

Mr. Charlton explained: "Señora Estravados, if she had lived, would of course have received an equal share with the rest of you, but as she is dead, the portion that would have been hers goes back into the estate to be shared out between you."

Pilar said slowly in her rich southern voice, "Then—I—have—nothing?"

Lydia said quickly, "My dear, the family will see to that, of course."

George Lee said, "You will be able to make your home here with Alfred—eh, Alfred? We—er—you are our niece—it is our duty to look after you."

Hilda said, "We shall always be glad to have Pilar with us."

Harry said, "She ought to have her proper share. She ought to have Jennifer's whack."

Mr. Charlton murmured, "Must really—er—be going. Goodby, Mrs. Lee—anything I can do—er—consult me at any time. . . ."

He escaped quickly. His experience enabled him to predict that all the ingredients for a family row were present.

As the door shut behind him Lydia said in her clear voice:

"I agree with Harry. I think Pilar is entitled to a definite share. This will was made many years before Jennifer's death."

"Nonsense," said George. "Very slipshod and illegal way of thinking, Lydia. The law's the law. We must abide by it."

Magdalene said, "It's hard luck, of course, and we're all very sorry for Pilar, but George is right. As he says, the law is the law."

Lydia got up. She took Pilar by the hand.

"My dear," she said. "This must be very unpleasant for you. Will you please leave us while we discuss the question?"

She led the girl to the door.

"Don't worry, Pilar, dear," she said. "Leave it to me."

Pilar went slowly out of the room. Lydia shut the door behind her and turned back.

There was a moment's pause while everyone drew breath and in another moment the battle was in full swing.

Harry said, "You've always been a damned skinflint, George."

George retorted, "At any rate I've not been a sponge and a rotter!"

"You've been just as much of a sponge as I have! You've batted on Father all these years."

"You seem to forget that I hold a responsible and arduous position which—" Harry said, "Responsible and arduous my foot! You're only an inflated gasbag!"

Magdalene screamed, "How dare you!"

Hilda's calm voice, slightly raised, said, "Couldn't we just discuss this quietly?"

Lydia threw her a grateful glance.

David said with sudden violence, "Must we have all this disgraceful fuss over money?"

MAGDALENE said venomously to him, "It's all very well to be so high-minded. You're not going to refuse your legacy, are you? You want money just as much as the rest of us do! All this unworldliness is just a pose!"

David said in a strangled voice, "You think I ought to refuse it? I wonder—"

Hilda said sharply, "Of course you oughtn't. Must we all behave like children? Alfred, you're the head of the family—"

Alfred seemed to wake out of a dream. He said, "I beg your pardon. All of you shouting at once. It—it confuses me."

Lydia said, "As Hilda has just pointed out, why must we behave like greedy children? Let us discuss this thing quietly and sanely and—" she added this quickly—"one at a time. Alfred shall speak first because he is the eldest. What do you think, Alfred, we should do about Pilar?"

He said slowly, "She must make her home here, certainly. And we should make her an allowance. I do not see that she has any legal claim to the money that would have gone to her mother. She's not a Lee, remember. She's a Spanish subject."

"No legal claim, no," said Lydia. "But I think she has a *moral* claim. As I see it, your father, although his daughter had married a Spaniard against his wishes, recognized her to have an equal claim upon him. George, Harry, David and Jennifer were to share equally. Jennifer died only last year. I am sure that when he sent for Mr. Charlton he meant to make ample provision for Pilar in a new will. He would have allotted her at least her mother's share. It is possible that he might have done much more than that. She was the only grandchild, remember. I think the least we can do is to endeavor to remedy an injustice that your father himself was preparing to remedy."

Alfred said warmly, "Well put, Lydia! I was wrong. I agree with you that Pilar must be given Jennifer's share of my father's fortune."

Lydia said, "Your turn, Harry."

Harry said, "As you know, I agree. I think Lydia has put the case very well, and I'd like to say I admire her for it."

Lydia said, "George?"

George was red in the face. He spluttered, "Certainly not! Whole thing's preposterous! Give her a home and a decent dress allowance. Quite enough for her!"

"Then you refuse to co-operate?" asked Alfred.

"Yes, I do."

"And he's quite right," said Magdalene. "It's disgraceful to suggest he should do anything of the kind! Considering that George is the *only* member of the family who has done *anything* in the world, I think it's a shame his father left him so little!"

Lydia said, "David?"

David said vaguely, "Oh, I think you're right. It's a pity there's got to be so much ugliness and disputing about it all."

Hilda said, "You're quite right, Lydia. It's only justice!"

Harry looked around. He said, "Well, that's clear. Of the family, Alfred, myself and David are in favor of the motion. George is against it. The ayes have it."

GEORGE said sharply, "There is no question of ayes or noes. My share of my father's estate is mine absolutely. I shall not part with a penny of it."

"No, indeed," said Magdalene.

Lydia said sharply, "If you like to stand out, that is your business. The rest of us will make up your share of the total."

She looked round for assent and the others nodded.

Harry said, "Alfred's got the lion's share. He ought to stand most of the racket."

Alfred said, "I see that your original disinterested suggestion will soon break down."

Hilda said firmly, "Don't let's start again! Lydia will tell Pilar what we've decided. We can settle details later." She added in the hope of making a diversion, "I wonder where Mr. Farr is and M. Poirot?"

Alfred said, "We dropped Poirot in the village on our way to the inquest. He said he had an important purchase to make."

Harry said, "Why didn't he go to the



"I know I really should read it, but I'm on an emotional budget until after the holidays"

LEONARD DOVE

inquest? Surely he ought to have gone!"

Lydia said, "Perhaps he knew it was not going to be important. Who's that out there in the garden? Superintendent Sugden, or Mr. Farr?"

The efforts of the two women were successful. The family conclave broke up.

Lydia said to Hilda privately, "Thank you, Hilda. It was nice of you to back me up. You know, you really have been a comfort in all this."

Hilda said thoughtfully, "Queer how money upsets people."

The others had all left the room. The two women were alone.

Lydia said, "Yes—even Harry—although it was his suggestion! And my poor Alfred—he is so British—he doesn't really like Lee money going to a Spanish subject."

Hilda said, smiling, "Do you think we women are more unworldly?"

Lydia said, with a shrug of her graceful shoulders, "Well, you know, it isn't really our money—not our own! That may make a difference."

Hilda said thoughtfully, "She is a strange child—Pilar, I mean. I wonder what will become of her."

She followed Lydia out of the drawing room into the hall.

Magdalene was there standing by the hall table with a little parcel in her hand. She jumped when she saw them. She said: "Oh, this must be M. Poirot's important purchase. I saw him put it down here just now. I wonder what it is."

She looked from one to the other of them, giggling a little, but her eyes were sharp and anxious, belying the affected gaiety of her words.

Lydia's eyebrows rose. She said, "I must go and wash before lunch."

Magdalene said, still with that affectation of childishness, but unable to keep the desperate note out of her voice:

"I must just *peep!*"

She unrolled the piece of paper and gave a sharp exclamation. She stared at the thing in her hand.

Lydia stopped and Hilda too. Both women stared.

Magdalene said in a puzzled voice, "It's a false mustache. But—but—why—?"

Hilda said doubtfully, "Disguise? But—"

Lydia finished the sentence for her: "But M. Poirot has a very fine mustache of his own!"

Magdalene was wrapping the parcel up again. She said, "I don't understand. It's—it's *mad*. Why does M. Poirot buy a false mustache?"

WHEN Pilar left the drawing room she walked slowly along the hall. Stephen Farr was coming in through the garden door. He said, "Well? Is the family conclave over? Has the will been read?"

Pilar said, her breath coming fast, "I have got nothing—nothing at all! It was a will made many years ago. My grandfather left money to my mother, but because she is dead it does not go to me but goes back to *them*."

Stephen said, "That seems rather hard lines. But don't worry. The Lees are bound to look after you, you know."

Pilar said disconsolately, "It will not be very amusing, that."

Stephen said slowly, "No, I'm afraid it won't. I can't see you living here, Pilar. Would you like to come to South Africa?"

Pilar nodded.

Stephen said, "There's sun there, and space. There's hard work, too. Are you good at work, Pilar?"

Pilar said doubtfully, "I do not know."

He said, "You'd rather sit on a balcony and eat sweets all day long? And grow enormously fat and have three double chins?"

Pilar laughed and Stephen said, "That's better. I've made you laugh."

Pilar said, "I thought I should laugh this Christmas! In books I have read that an English Christmas is very gay, that one eats burning raisins and there is a plum pudding all in flames and something that is called a Yule log."

Stephen said, "Ah, but you must have a Christmas uncomplicated by murder. Come in here a minute. Lydia took me in here yesterday. It's her storeroom."

He led her into a small room a little bigger than a cupboard.

"Look, Pilar, boxes and boxes of crackers, and preserved fruits and oranges and dates and nuts. And here—"

"Oh!" Pilar clasped her hands. "They are pretty, these gold and silver balls."

"Those were to hang on a tree, with presents for the servants. And here are little snow men all glittering with frost to put on the dinner table. And here are balloons of every color all ready to blow up!"

"Oh!" Pilar's eyes shone. "Oh! Can we blow up one? Lydia would not mind. I do love balloons."

Stephen said, "Baby! Here, which will you have?"

Pilar said, "I will have a red one."

THEY selected their balloons and blew, their cheeks distended. Pilar stopped blowing to laugh and her balloon went down again.

She said, "You look so funny—blowing—with your cheeks puffed out"

Her laugh rang out. Then she fell to, blowing industriously. They tied up their balloons carefully and began to play with them, patting them upward, sending them to and fro.

Pilar said, "Out in the hall, there would be more room."

They were sending the balloons to each other and laughing when Poirot came along the hall. He regarded them indulgently.

"So you play the games of children? It is pretty, that!"

Pilar said breathlessly, "Mine is the red one. It is bigger than his. Much bigger. If we took it outside it would go right up in the sky."

"Let's send them up and wish," said Stephen.

"Oh, yes, that is a good idea."

Pilar ran to the garden door, Stephen followed. Poirot came behind, still looking indulgent.

"I will wish for a great deal of money," announced Pilar.

She stood on tiptoe, holding the string of the balloon. It tugged gently as a puff of wind came. Pilar let go and it floated along, taken by the breeze.

Stephen laughed. "You mustn't tell your wish."

"No, why not?"

"Because it doesn't come true. Now, I'm going to wish."

He released his balloon. But he was not so lucky. It floated sideways, caught on a holly bush and expired with a bang.

Pilar ran to it.

She announced tragically, "It is gone. . . ."

Then, as she stirred the little limp wisp of rubber with her toe, she said, "So that was what I picked up in grandfather's room. He, too, had had a balloon, only his was a pink one."

Poirot gave a sharp exclamation. Pilar turned inquiringly. Poirot said, "It is nothing. I stabbed—no stubbed—the toe."

Lunch was over.

As they came out of the dining room, Alfred said to Pilar:

"Will you come into my room? There is something I want to talk over with you."

He led her across the hall and into his study, shutting the door after him. The



"That's the way **my** head will feel tomorrow, Prince!"

—not necessarily, dear lady!



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morning-after.
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For a happier New Year



others went on into the drawing room. Only Hercule Poirot remained in the hall, looking thoughtfully at the closed study door.

He was aware suddenly of the old butler hovering uneasily near him.

Poirot said, "Yes, Tressilian, what is it?"

The old man seemed troubled. He said, "I wanted to speak to Mr. Lee. But I don't like to disturb him now."

Poirot said, "Something has occurred?"

Tressilian said slowly, "It's such a queer thing. It doesn't make sense."

"Tell me," said Hercule Poirot.

Tressilian hesitated. Then he said, "Well, it's this, sir. You may have noticed that on each side of the front door there was a cannon ball. Big, heavy stone things. Well, sir, one of them's gone."

Hercule Poirot's eyebrows rose. He said, "Since when?"

"They were both there this morning, sir. I'll take my oath on that."

"Let us see."

Together they went outside the front door. Poirot bent and examined the remaining cannon ball. When he straightened himself, his face was very grave.

Tressilian quavered, "Who'd want to steal a thing like that, sir? It doesn't make sense."

Poirot said, "I do not like it. I do not like it at all. . . ."

TRESSILIAN was watching him anxiously. He said slowly, "What's come to the house, sir? Ever since the master was murdered it doesn't seem like the same place. I feel the whole time as though I were going about in a dream. I mix things up, and I sometimes feel I can't trust my own eyes."

Hercule Poirot shook his head. He said, "You are wrong. Your own eyes are just what you must trust."

Tressilian said, shaking his head, "My sight's bad—I can't see like I used to do. I get things mixed up—and people. I'm getting too old for my work."

Hercule Poirot clapped him on the shoulder and said, "Courage."

"Thank you, sir."

Tressilian's eyes wandered back to the empty stone base.

"Who could have taken it, sir?" he whispered. "And why? It's like a mad-house."

Hercule Poirot said, "It is not madness I am afraid of. It is sanity! Somebody, Tressilian, is in great danger."

He turned abruptly and re-entered the house.

At that moment Pilar came out from the study. A red spot shone on either cheek. She held her head high and her eyes glittered.

As Poirot came up to her, she suddenly stamped her foot and said, "I will not take it."

Poirot raised his eyebrows. He said, "What is this that you will not take, Mademoiselle?"

Pilar said, "Alfred has just told me that I am to have my mother's share of the money my grandfather left."

"Well?"

"I could not get it by law, he said. But he and Lydia and the others consider it should be mine. They say it is a matter of justice. And so they will hand it over to me."

Poirot said again, "Well?"

Pilar stamped once more with her foot.

"Do you not understand? They are giving it to me—giving it to me."

"Need that hurt your pride? Since what they say is true—that it should in justice be yours?"

Pilar said, "You do not understand."

Poirot said, "On the contrary—I understand very well."

"Oh! . . ." She turned away pettishly.

There was a ring at the bell. Poirot

glanced over his shoulder. He saw the silhouette of Superintendent Sugden outside the door. He said hurriedly to Pilar, "Where are you going?"

She said sulkily, "To the drawing room. To the others."

Poirot said quickly, "Good. Stay with them there. Do not wander about the house alone, especially after dark. Be on your guard. You are in great danger, Mademoiselle. You will never be in greater danger than you are today."

HE TURNED away from her and went to meet Sugden.

The latter waited till Tressilian had gone back into his pantry.

Then he shoved a cable form under Poirot's nose.

"Now we've got it!" he said. "Read that. It's from the South African police."

The cable said, "*Ebenezer Farr's only son died two years ago.*"

Sugden said, "So now we know! I was on a different tack altogether. . . ."

Pilar marched into the drawing room, her head held high.

She went straight up to Lydia, who

George cleared his throat and said portentously, "Er—as I pointed out this morning—the principle involved is wrong. Pilar has the wit to see that for herself. She refuses to accept charity."

Lydia said sharply, "It is not charity. It is her right!"

George said, "She does not seem to think so!"

Superintendent Sugden and Hercule Poirot came in. The former looked round and asked, "Where's Mr. Farr? I want a word with him."

Before anyone had time to answer, Hercule Poirot said sharply, "Where is the Señora Estravados?"

George Lee said with a trace of malicious satisfaction, "Going to clear out, so she says. Apparently she has had enough of her English relations."

Poirot wheeled round. He said to Sugden, "Come!"

As the two men emerged into the hall, there was the sound of a heavy crash and a faraway shriek.

Poirot cried, "Quick. . . . Come. . . ."

They raced along the hall and up the far staircase. The door of Pilar's room was open and a man stood in the door-

Stephen Farr said huskily, "Thank God you're safe."

Pilar flung out her hands in a wide, appealing gesture.

"*Madre de Dios,*" she cried. "Why should anyone wish to kill me? What have I done?"

Hercule Poirot said slowly, "You should rather ask, Mademoiselle, *what do I know?*"

She stared. "Know? I do not know anything."

Hercule Poirot said, "That is where you are wrong. Tell me, Mademoiselle Pilar, where were you at the time of the murder? You were not in this room."

"I was. I have told you so!"

Superintendent Sugden said with deceptive mildness, "Yes, but you weren't speaking the truth when you said that, you know. You told us you heard your grandfather scream. You couldn't have heard that if you were in here. Mr. Poirot and I tested that yesterday."

"Oh!" Pilar caught her breath.

Poirot said, "You were somewhere very much nearer his room. I will tell you where you were, Mademoiselle. You were in the recess with the statues quite close to your grandfather's door."

Pilar said, startled, "Oh. . . . How did you know?"

Poirot said with a faint smile, "Mr. Farr saw you there."

Stephen said sharply, "I did not. That's an absolute lie!"

Poirot said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Farr, but you *did* see her. Remember your impression that there were *three* statues in that recess, not two. Only one person wore a white dress that night, Mademoiselle Estravados. She was the third white figure you saw. That is so, is it not, Mademoiselle?"

Pilar said after a moment's hesitation, "Yes, it is true."

Poirot said gently, "Now tell us, Mademoiselle, the whole truth. *Why* were you there?"

PILAR said, "I left the drawing room after dinner and I thought I would go to see my grandfather. I thought he would be pleased. But when I turned into the passage I saw someone else was there at his door. I did not want to be seen because I knew my grandfather had said he did not want to see anyone that night. I slipped into the recess in case the person at the door turned round."

"Then, all at once, I heard the most terrible sounds, tables—chairs—" she waved her hands—"everything falling and crashing. I did not move. I do not know why. I was frightened. And then there was a terrible scream—" she crossed herself—"and my heart stopped beating, and I said: '*Someone is dead.*'"

"And then?"

"And then people began coming running along the passage and I came out at the end and joined them."

Superintendent Sugden said sharply, "You said nothing of all this when we first questioned you. Why not?"

Pilar shook her head. She said with an air of wisdom, "It is not good to tell too much to the police. I thought, you see, that if I said I was near there you might think that I had killed him. So I said I was in my room."

Sugden said sharply, "If you tell deliberate lies all that it ends in is that you're bound to come under suspicion."

Stephen Farr said, "Pilar!"

"Yes?"

"*Who did you see standing at the door when you turned into the passage?* Tell us."

Sugden said, "Yes, tell us."

For a moment the girl hesitated. Her eyes opened, then narrowed. She said slowly, "I don't know who it was. It was too dimly lit to see. But it was a woman. . . ."

(To be concluded next week)



was sitting in the window with some knitting.

Pilar said, "Lydia, I have come to tell you that I will not take that money. I am going away—at once. . . ."

Lydia looked astonished. She laid down her knitting.

She said, "My dear child, Alfred must have explained very badly! It is not in the least a matter of charity, if that is what you feel. Really, it is not a question of kindness or generosity on our part. It is a plain matter of right and wrong. In the ordinary course of events your mother would have inherited this money, and you would have come into it from her. It is your right—your blood right. It is a matter, not of charity, but of justice!"

Pilar said fiercely, "And that is why I cannot do it—not when you speak like that—not when you are like that! I enjoyed coming here. It was fun! It was an adventure, but now you have spoiled it all! I am going away now, at once—you will never be bothered by me again. . . ."

Tears choked her voice. She turned and ran blindly out of the room.

Lydia stared. She said helplessly, "I'd no idea she would take it like that!"

Hilda said, "The child seems quite upset. . . ."

way. He turned his head as they ran up. It was Stephen Farr.

He said, "She's alive. . . ."

Pilar stood crouched against the wall of her room. She was staring at the floor where a big stone cannon ball was lying.

She said breathlessly, "It was on top of my door, balanced there. It almost crashed down on my head when the door was opened, but my skirt caught on a nail and jerked me back just as I was coming in."

POIROT knelt down and examined the nail. On it was a thread of purple tweed.

Poirot looked up and nodded gravely, "That nail, Mademoiselle, saved your life."

The superintendent said, bewildered, "Look here, what's the meaning of all this?"

Pilar said, "Someone tried to kill me!"

She nodded her head several times.

Superintendent Sugden glanced up at the door.

"Booby trap," he said. "An old-fashioned booby trap—and its purpose was murder! That's the second murder planned in this house. But this time it didn't come off!"

Decoy

Continued from page 27

"Too bad about Cartley, wasn't it?" he said.

Nelson's cold eyes turned on him then, searching his face. He shrugged. "He was crazy," he said. "That kind don't last." There was no sympathy in his voice.

"You fly tough," said Jim.

Nelson's eyes met his again, briefly. "I just worry about myself—and mind my own business." He looked at Joel as if he were waiting for her to say something.

She did. She caught Nelson's look and turned pale; staring at Jim the way she had when he'd first spoken to her at the bar. High-hat and nasty. She laughed and said, "Run along now, Jimmy boy. My boy friend's tired."

JIM got up then. With the blood coming and going in his temples, he said, "It's been nice meeting you." He bit the words off sharp and went out of the Chateau as fast as he could, because he knew that if he stayed he'd probably tear Nelson's head off.

He didn't sleep well that night; and when he rolled out in the morning and sat red-eyed and groggy on the side of his bed, Terry Owens took one look at him, and started to run him over for drinking before a race.

"After what I told you, you went chasing that girl last night!" he said. "See what you got? A hang-over and less than four hours to get straightened up in. It ain't," he added aggrievedly, "like I hadn't put you straight. She's dynamite. She killed Cartley—her and Nelson. If you ain't careful, she'll kill you too—"

Jim was out of bed, then, and his fingers dug at Terry's wrist. "What do you mean?"

Terry glared at him. "I told you she was his girl. You got took in just like the rest of them."

"Go on," said Jim grimly. "I'm listening."

"It's the old badger game. You seen how crazy Cartley was flying yesterday? He hated Nelson's guts. Because of this girl. Cartley hadn't any more right to be flying than nothing. Cutting pylons like a madman, with Nelson sitting back as cold as ice waiting for him to kill himself. She's a decoy, this Joel Grey. She's a dirty little—"

Jim hit him then. Hit him hard in the jaw, so that he went down into the corner of the room, with a dazed expression on his face. Jim looked at him for a minute, with something heavy in his chest. Then he went into the bathroom and started to shower. He kept trying to tell himself that Terry'd had it coming. But the more he kept thinking about it the more he wondered if there might not be some basis for what he'd said.

He hated Nelson, okay; and he hated Nelson for that nameless something that he sensed Nelson had done to the girl—that fear he had read in her eyes. But there was something missing. His hatred hadn't made him crazy yet—not crazy like Cartley had been yesterday. He wouldn't fly foolish that afternoon; and unless he flew foolish, there wasn't much point to the thing. . . . There was something missing.

HE TURNED off the cold water, and came out into the bedroom again, wiping his tingling body with a rough Turkish towel. Terry was sitting in a chair by the window—one hand holding a cigarette he wasn't smoking and the other pressing a red-tinged handkerchief to his mouth. A tightness came to Jim's throat. He wanted to speak but he couldn't. What could you say after hit-

ting a man who'd been your friend for eight years?

Tonelessly, Terry said, "The phone rang while you were bathing. There's a guy in the lobby to see you."

Jim said, "Tell him to come up."

"You got no call to hit me, Jim," Terry said. "We been too many places together."

Jim said, "What do you want me to say?" The funny place inside him was working up and down.

"Maybe just that you didn't mean it."

Jim said, "I didn't mean it. But you shouldn't have said that about her."

"Maybe that's right. Only—I'm a funny guy. I don't give a damn for anybody but you, and I don't want to see you get hurt."

"Oh, hell," said Jim miserably, presenting his chin. "Take a sock at me. Make it a good one; I've got it coming."

Terry let a smile creep by his swollen lips.

"That wouldn't do no good, kid." He got up from the chair and stood facing Jim. "Only," he said, "I was right when I said what she was. I ain't backing down on that, and if you want to sock me again, go ahead. I'll be right back at you."

Jim was silent.

"And now," said the mechanic, "since you don't want to fight, I'm going out to Mines and see that that crate of yours is hitting right."

MR. KAY knocked on the door a minute or two after Terry had left and Jim had slipped into his clothes. He was a thin young man with sparse blond hair and shifty eyes.

Jim motioned him inside, and into the chair Terry had just vacated. "What's on your mind?" he asked.

The man licked his lips, and glanced nervously around him. "Are we alone?"

Jim nodded.

"My sister sent me," said Kay.

"Your sister?"

"Yes. You know her. But before I say who she is, I've got to ask you not to repeat anything I tell you. It—it would ruin us. Both of us."

"Shoot," said Jim.

"My name," said the young man, "isn't Kay. It's Grey. Joel Grey is my sister. She sent me to warn you." He wet his lips again. "Nelson is out to get you this afternoon. He pulled the same thing on Cartley. Cartley was in love with my sister. Nelson uses her that way."

Mentally, Jim said, "This is it. This is what was missing before." Inside of him, rage formed—blind rage at Nelson. "Does she love him? Or has he got something on her?"

Kay shook his head. "She hates him, but he's got something on me. Remember the dope-smuggling outfit the federales broke up in Texas last year? I flew for them. One time, south of the border, I got in a jam. Nelson was running an airport down there. He pulled me out of it. Afterward, he made me sign a confession. I guess he knew from the first he was going to use me. After that—last year—he came to the States and met my sister. He blackmailed her, too. She was racing in the East; he made her buy him a plane and started touring the circuit with her. Since then, he's used her to murder three men, though I don't think she caught on till yesterday. Cartley was the last. It's paid him well. He's won sixty thousand bucks this year."

Kay was silent. Jim lighted a cigarette and studied him; his rage at Nelson was still strong within him, but behind his instinctive desire to smash



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things, a part of his brain was trying to analyze what there was in Kay's story that struck him as being completely phony. The whole thing was incredible to begin with, of course, but it was possible. But this other—

"You've told me enough to send you to jail," he said suddenly.

Kay's eyes wavered, and he licked his lips again. "I took that chance," he said. "My sister wanted to keep you from flying today. She got hysterical and said that if anything happened to you she'd go mad. I relied on your gratitude to say nothing about it."

Jim's eyes bored into him. "On my gratitude?" he snapped. "Or on the fact that if I went nuts like Cartley and the others I'd be dead this afternoon—and couldn't tell!"

With his slow realization, Kay's face went white; he got to his feet and started edging toward the door. "I didn't say I'd spoken to Cartley."

Jim got in front of him. "You spoke to him, all right, and you spoke to the others. Did your sister have hysterics about them, too?" He dragged out the words, spacing them with a careful contempt.

Kay was in the center of the room, his eyes wide and his breath coming fast. Behind him, Jim heard the door open. Terry Owens slid through it, closing it carefully behind him.

"I was listening outside. Some of what he's said is true. The rest ain't. The blackmail part, for instance. If the girl sent him, she's in the thing herself. Otherwise, she'd have come. Figure it out. He's admitted he talked to Cartley and the others. They got killed. Would she send him again if she really wanted to stop you from flying?"

JIM whirled on Kay, sinking his fingers into the front of his coat. "Last chance," he snapped. "Did she send you—or was it Nelson's idea?"

Kay cried, "What are you going to do?"

"Never mind. Tell me and tell me fast." He was thinking, "The girl is in on this. But I've got to hear her say it. Maybe it isn't so, after all. Kay's yellow. Maybe he lied and it was Nelson that sent him after all. Maybe he was scared of what I'd do and said she sent him to save himself." Aloud, he said, "Tell me where she lives, Kay, or I'll tear your head off."

Kay said, suddenly, "At the Santa Monica Arms," and relapsed into silence. . . . Jim picked up the room phone. "Get me the Santa Monica Arms. . . ." He waited. After a moment, an operator said, "Good afternoon S'Monica Arms," and he asked, very carefully, for Miss Joel Grey. His voice sounded strange in his ears.

Then her low voice answered; and quite slowly he said, "There's a fellow here named Kay. He claims to be your brother. He claims you sent him to warn me not to fly this afternoon. Did you?"

He waited for what seemed an eternity of time. And then, the low voice at the other end of the line said, "Yes." Just the one word.

He hung up the receiver and turned to Kay.

"Go back to your sister and her boy friend and tell them I'm flying today," he said grimly. "Tell Nelson if he doesn't stay out of my way this afternoon, I'll kill him. Kill him the way he killed Cartley and the others. And here"—he pulled out a ten-dollar bill—"give this to—Miss Grey. Tell her it's payment in full for two kisses. Five bucks apiece—and worth it. Now, get out of here before I change my mind and kill you."

By two P. M. the stands at Mines Field were jammed. With the big radial on the front end of his little racer ticking over with a sound like harnessed thun-

der, Jim sat in its cramped cockpit and looked off across the field to where ten thousand spectators had overflowed the stands and spread along the runway. It was a good crowd and it expected excitement. The Randolph Trophy carried a purse of twenty thousand, and the crowd expected to see it earned. He smiled grimly.

Unconsciously, he looked over his shoulder—off to his right—where the Upson Speedwing and Ken Nelson's blue job squatted beside each other on the line. He wondered what Nelson's reaction had been to his message. Anger, doubtless—or could that cold fish of a man be angry? No, maybe not anger; but at any rate, a fixed determination to get him. His existence was perilous to Nelson now that he knew the pattern of Nelson's scheme.

HE SCOWLED. There was something abhorrent to him about his coming part in the thing. In the race game, you co-operated with your competitors. And if you got yourself in a jam rounding a pylon, they swung out for you. . . . This would be different. This would be war, and the chances were even that one of

him the big radial took up its mad cry; and he braced himself in the cockpit, steeling his ears against the unbearable beat of the propeller.

Then he had throttled down, and was easing across the bumpy ground with Terry Owens running beside him, steadying the wing. At the foot of the runway, he swung into position. To his right was Crazy Edmunds; to his left Bob Wright. Beyond Wright were Stanley and Red Smith. The old gang. Nothing to fear from them but a clean race—and he had the fastest ship. Beyond Edmunds, to his right, was the Upson special. Fascinated, he stared at the goggled figure in its cockpit, thinking: "In there, she is impersonal. I can't see her face or her body; she might be anyone in the world. She is not the girl I kissed last night—just another pilot." The figure did not turn. It stared straight ahead, its shoulders set square and uncompromising.

Beyond the Upson, Ken Nelson's ship squatted, evil in the sunshine. For a brief moment its pilot turned toward him, and Jim raised his hand in a sardonic salute. Then the face turned back. The distance was such that he could

the horizon, cracked his throttle wide open, and set out in pursuit.

He passed Crazy Edmunds nine laps later; and at the one-hundred-and-sixty-mile mark he was crowding the Upson. Stubbornly it refused to give way for him. Twice he drew level with it in the straightaway, started to cut in front of it for a turn. Each time, perilously, the Upson held on. If he had insisted on passing either time—if he had closed in on the pylon instead of pulling out—the Upson would have been forced into a vertical with no chance to throttle down—and that was the kind of thing that tore wings off. . . .

He came out of the second of these turns furious. Cursing her. He had complete understanding of her tactics, the Upson was almost as fast as his ship. It could keep even in the straightaways. Only going into a turn could he hope to pass it. And then only if its pilot gave way when he cut in front to take the pylon—or if he forced her into a full-power vertical. She knew that he would never do anything that would jeopardize her life—that might send her hurtling into the ground with a crumpled wing to a death in flames. Like Nelson had Cartley. . . .

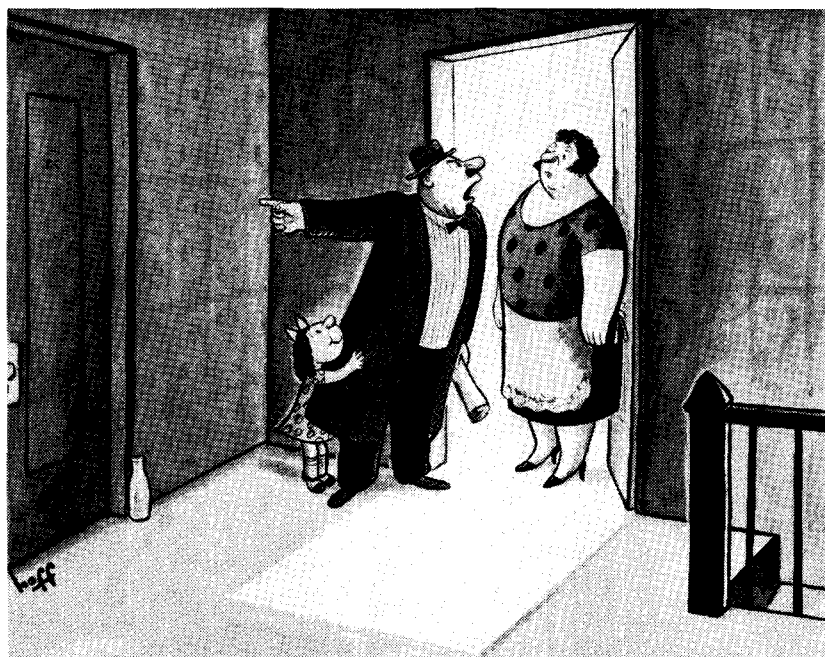
He tried again on the next pylon—pulled out in front of her and started into his turn. His brief glance at the figure in the Upson's cockpit was as involuntary as it was dangerous at such terrific speed; but in that split second he saw the Upson cut in toward the pylon. He cut in too, mad clear through, eyes blurred and senses reeling momentarily. He wanted to lunge into this other ship. Locked together in one last horrible embrace, the planes, he and she in them, would go down together. All this in a flash; then he gave way and pulled sharply outward around the pylon. Then they were in the straightaway again.

HE LOOKED ahead. Nelson's ship was a quarter-mile in the lead. There was less than one lap to go. Unless he could pass the Upson at the next pylon, the race was lost. Savagely, he drove his plane forward, rage blurring the world before his eyes. In that moment, he hated the girl with an all-consuming hatred; hated her for having tricked him, for trading on his reluctance to endanger her. Three times, she had placed herself at his mercy—knowing he would spare her.

He wondered, suddenly, whether she would have given way to him, had their positions in those turns been reversed. And then—grimly, in a peculiarly detached decision—he had decided to find out. Slowly, he eased inside the Upson and drove straight for the pylon where he would find out what he wanted to know. . . .

What happened then happened so fast that it stunned him. He noticed that Nelson's blue ship was no longer far ahead of him. It was losing ground, and oil smoke came from its exhaust. He was coming up on it fast—he and the Upson—passing it. . . . No! The Upson wasn't passing it, for as Jim shot by, the blue ship pulled suddenly upward before it; and the Upson, traveling wide open, zoomed sharply to avoid it. Zoomed—and then appeared to dissolve before his eyes! One stumpy wing folded back against its fuselage; an aileron broke free of the wing that had been intact and floated downward, end over end.

In that sudden zoom, under a flying load of many more gravities than it had been built for, the Upson had disintegrated. . . . Horrified, Jim watched it turn over once, slowly, and start earthward. Less than three hundred feet from the ground, its cockpit enclosure flew open, and a white-coveralled figure reached for a handhold. . . . The figure was still on the wing step when the ship hit—hit, flew to pieces and burst into



"I run up four flights of stairs smelling corned beef and cabbage, and it's coming from there!"

SYDNEY HOFF

them, he or Ken Nelson, would die today in the hot sun before fifty thousand people.

His eye flicked across the girl's ship again, as another idea occurred to him. The Upson, with the girl flying it the way he'd seen her fly yesterday, was another hazard. Inevitably, the girl and Nelson would fly as a team—herding him on the turns and trying to jockey one of themselves into the lead. The picture wasn't pretty to contemplate.

At the thought of the girl, he felt a sudden ache. He could not shake off the memory of her in the moonlight. Even in the knowledge of her guilt, he could still feel her kisses. He loved her; he knew that, now, for certain. That was something, he told himself, a man couldn't help. It was part of your fate—like the weakened casting of a wing-fitting whose flaw you couldn't see until it pulled loose in a turn and killed you. It wasn't your fault you loved the wrong girl, any more than the casting was your fault. All you could do was to get rid of them—if you found out in time. . . .

A flag broke into the breeze from the judges' stand—the signal for the nine planes that had qualified for the two-hundred-mile trophy race to taxi to the foot of the runway. Jim set his brakes and eased his throttle open. In front of

catch no facial expression. He thought, "They're both on my right. They'll take off first and be in front of me—both of them. . . ."

From the judge's stand, a green flag flashed downward. On the extreme right of the line, the engine of Nelson's ship whined high and clear, and the blue monoplane started to move down the runway. It gathered momentum and lifted into the air.

THE Upson went next, and after that Crazy Edmunds; then Terry was shouting in his ear, "Be careful, kid!" and his own ship was jolting down the runway—slowly at first; and then with a speed that blurred the ground and thrust him breathless against his seat back. At one hundred and ten miles an hour he eased back on the stick and she came off. Instantly, he swung toward the pylon, and his left hand reached down to crank up his landing gear. Ahead of him, spaced one behind the other at about three hundred yards, were Nelson's blue ship, the Upson special and Crazy Edmunds. The first of them was well down the straightaway of the first of the three legs of the fifteen-mile triangular course.

Jim had no more than two hundred feet when he pulled into a vertical around the pylon, set his nose just below

flames. The figure was caught up in the bright puff of burning fuel. . . .

It didn't penetrate right away. It had happened too fast. That Joel Grey was lying down there—dead like Cartley in the flaming body of what was left of a racing monoplane—was so incredible to him that his dulled brain refused to receive it. It was not until some thirty seconds had passed—until he had rounded the pylon and was on the home stretch—that realization came to him. When it did, Jim Reed went raving mad. Instantly and completely.

Behind him—not far behind—Ken Nelson's blue monoplane glittered in the sunlight. With berserk rage exploding in his brain, Jim pulled off-course in a climbing vertical that almost drove him through his seat, and dove for it. Sobbing, swearing—his whole being caught up in the single thought that he must kill Nelson—he watched it grow from a blue dot no larger than a child's kite to a blue blur much larger than that.

He shouted then—a shout of sheer animal triumph—and braced himself for the shock of collision. It didn't come. With a mystic suddenness, the blue ship was gone from in front of him. At the last split instant, its pilot had dived.

CURSING, Jim swung his ship into a climbing turn that drove the blood blindingly into his head. When he had eased out of the turn and could see again, the blue ship was two miles away—across the finish line—and circling for a landing.

He was calmer now, with the icy calm of deadly purpose. Quite deliberately this time, he eased his throttle open again, pushed his nose down and dove to intercept the blue ship's landing. He screamed toward it with his motor going mad—coming up on it at close to five miles a minute.

He laughed—a short, hard laugh—as he saw the blue ship straighten and veer away from the runway. He throttled back his engine so as not to overrun it; but even then he saw he was too late. The blue ship was settling for a landing in an open field north of the airport. He saw it hit the stubble—bounce once and settle. Then it was running along the ground. Slowing. Stopping.

Jim circled, killed his speed in a sickening series of fishtails, cranked down his flaps and landed beside it. Then he was out of his ship, staggering toward it with his teeth and fists clenched and the fierce desire in his heart to tear a man to pieces. . . . He found her sitting in the cockpit—white-faced and very still,

staring straight ahead of her at nothing.

The shock of it was like a physical blow to him; for a moment he could not move or see, but only stand and cling to the ship so he would not fall. After a while, he commenced to live again. Very gently then, he unfastened her safety belt and lifted her from the cockpit. She clung to him, silently, looking up at his face with her heart beating very fast under his hand. He kissed her, then, and the tears came—hard, unwilling tears with sobs that shook her body.

He patted her clumsily, saying over and over, "It was an accident. You tried to get between us so he wouldn't kill me." Trying, ineptly, to comfort her—to tell her that in all the world there were just two of them who mattered. He'd figured it all out for himself in one swift moment—a girl will do a lot to save her brother. Even if that brother is a crook, playing hand in hand with a murderer.

At last she spoke: "He made me trade ships. . . . Only to fool you, he said. Only to cut you off if you tried to pass outside. I was a fool to believe him. He promised to let you by if you passed inside. . . . But when I saw you start to try it, I knew he'd kill you. The way he killed Cartley. . . . I only guessed yesterday what they'd been doing. Last night I almost told you, but I was afraid for my brother." She commenced to sob again. "I hated Ken Nelson so much, Jim. And I was so afraid of him. But I don't like his being dead. I don't like anyone's being dead. . . ."

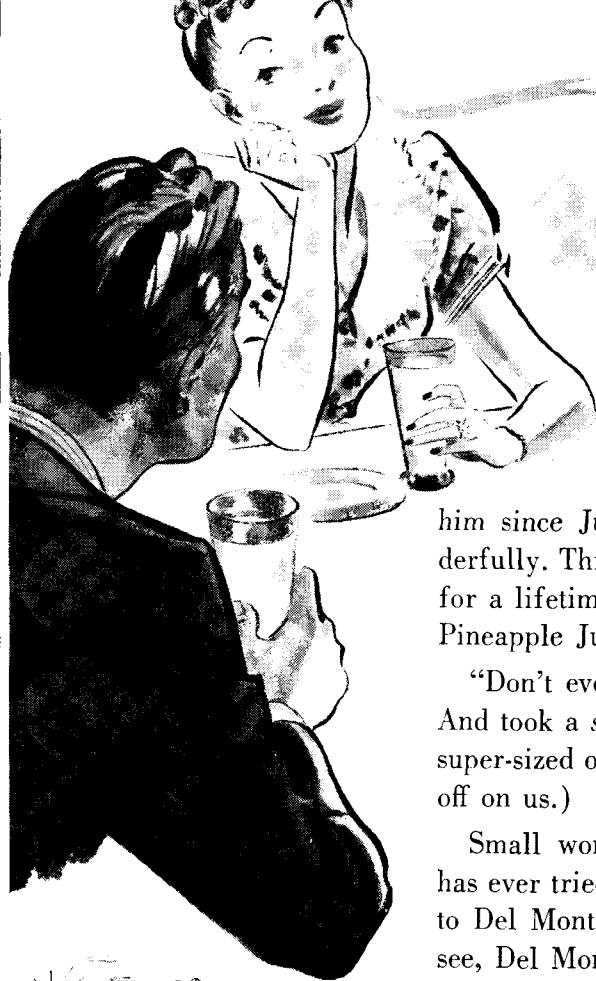
His arms tightened around her and he closed her lips with a kiss. "It's all over," he whispered. "You've no one to hate, any more, no one to be afraid of. Only someone to love. . . ."

She stirred in his arms, and her sobs lessened. And when at last he set her down on the ground she smiled a little. "Jim Reed," she said softly, "I've just one thing to ask you."

"Shoot," he said. "These kisses I'm giving you—so many of them—will they always be worth what you paid me for the first two?"

He squared himself then—for all time. He looked her straight in the eyes—not smiling a bit—and said, rather huskily, "Just one of them is worth my soul! . . ." Coming from him, it was pretty flowery—a little sappy, even, if you want to look at it that way. But he meant it—and she believed him—so that was all right.

"Don't Ever Change" said my first husband^{*}



That's Harry. I've had him since June. He's wearing wonderfully. Thriving, even. And all set for a lifetime of me and Del Monte Pineapple Juice.

"Don't ever change," said Harry. And took a *second* big glass. (Those super-sized ones Aunt Jennie palmed off on us.)

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^{*} Almost any husband—or non-husband, even—will tell you the same thing. Or *think* it, anyway. So will your young hopefuls, the bridge club girls, your boss and his secretary, the grocery boy—practically *everybody*!



It's Del Monte Pineapple Juice



"This is Miss LaVerne, our new stewardess"

JAY IRVING

King of the B's

Continued from page 23

he doled the kids out a nickel at a time and it was this circumstance that started Brynie. He could get jack out of the old man by striking him often enough but he found that he could make it easier for himself by furnishing other acts on the bill with material he had concocted during idle moments between shows.

Brynie's brain was active, he knew the show business from the roots (having heard nothing else since he could walk), and he could knock out a topical song so fast he was almost anticipating history. Added to his personal acquaintance with everybody in show business was a magic talent for salesmanship that made everything he wrote or sang sound twenty times better than it did later when it was in an act being done by somebody else.

His great triumph along this line was the famous Mr. Gallagher, Mr. Shean song. The team had been split and then had got together again. They needed material and asked Brynie to help them out. He thought around for a while and then wrote the first verses of Oh, Mr. Gallagher, Oh, Mr. Shean. With it went the usual vaudeville patter, fast talk, swift stuff.

Gallagher and Shean tried the song and the audiences liked it but sat mum through the rest of the act. Brynie added new verses to the song and cut out some of the fast stuff. The public ate up the song and sat glum otherwise. It ended with the act being nothing but the song. Brynie never made a cent out of a thing that soon became a national nuisance, being sung everywhere. He had written the material to help Ed Gallagher, who was his friend, and had refused payment. The understanding was that so long as they didn't use it anywhere but in the act, it was theirs and no questions asked. When they put it into sheet form, however, it sold into the millions. Brynie sued, got a judgment for \$100,000 and never a cent in cash because by the time it went through the courts the vogue for the song was over, the police would have clubbed anybody who dared sing it again and Gallagher and Shean were broke.

A Sound Idea

About this time Brynie drifted out to Hollywood and was hired by Fox as an actor and writer. Later he became a director of shorts and still later he started his own company, which could and did make epic movies in a day's time, operating a camera so rapidly and from so many angles simultaneously that old troupers became giddy galloping from scene to scene. This was still in the silent days and Foy did so well that the Warners hired him to do shorts for them.

But the Warners had one last iron in the fire: talking pictures. Sam Warner had been experimenting with them and there had been a few feeble attempts to put them across but the game was about up. Things at that time were tense on the Warner lot. Salaries were being skipped, the sheriff was threatening to step in and the Brothers Warner were doing nothing but hustling from banker to banker with hat in hand. An order was given to let up on the sound stuff before it busted everything. It happened, however, that the order came from New York, where the brothers were doing their financial begging. With nobody around to watch him, Brynie started on a full-length talking picture. Hugh Herbert, who was then a writer, whacked out a script for a thing to be called Lights of New York. In the cast were Cullen Landis, Helene

Costello, Jean Paulette and Robert Elliott. It was made in secret with sets stolen from other units. It was a time when an actor didn't dare get an inch away from a microphone for fear of having the sound lost entirely.

When the Warners finally heard of it, Foy was fired, but by that time Lights of New York, the first all-talking movie, was finished. Prior to that Warners had done Jazz Singer with Al Jolson, but that had been made as a silent picture, with the songs dubbed in later. Lights of New York was a sensation and Brynie was saved.

Pictures While You Wait

But not for long. He wanted his own company and soon left the Warners to launch Foy Productions, which turned out to be an organization that operated on the run. His great triumph there was

to San Francisco, hired Mooney's brother for the part, rigged up a studio on a terrace of the Palace Hotel and started shooting. He had bellboys dressed as prison guards, chambermaids as actresses, and waiters dodging out of the dining room in the middle of luncheon to get their first opportunity on the screen.

What Brynie was really doing with Foy Productions was operating a film factory that could turn out a finished product for anybody who wanted it—and on a minute's notice. Many successful films released by major companies were the result of a desperate phone call saying they had to start work on a picture a week from today. That was meat for Brynie, who merely looked at the daily paper, dug up an idea, refurbished it out of his extraordinary memory and put drama into it.

Warners got him back about two

Warner coffers. Among these were Wine, Women and Horses, Dark Hazard (dog racing), and My Bill. His hopes for this season are Racket Busters (a really fine film based on the Dewey investigations in New York), Devil's Island, Blackwells Island, and Heart of the North.

He is a tall, thin man of thirty-eight, with a face that looks as if it would belong to a jockey if his shape were different. He lives with his wife and two children in a beach house at Malibu, next to John Boles, and thinks that making movies is one of the greatest cinches ever invented. His salary is around \$2,500 a week and he would be cheap if he got twice that amount. He has had his bad days and it is doubtful if he saves much now, for he keeps half a dozen families besides his own, shells out for his old pals, and is a sentimentalist who has done more than anybody in Hollywood to keep actors working.

He reads very little besides the papers but is astonishingly well up on affairs. What he would like to do is take chances with his pictures, and there are Hollywood experts who are convinced that he could make films as good as the foreign importations if he weren't under the necessity of keeping five or six companies supplied with ideas simultaneously.

How to Make Friends

His loyalty to his old friends is well known and with him producing the shorts he has Ollie Hollingshead, who used to live in New Rochelle and once saved Brynie's life when he was starving in Hollywood. Hollingshead was manager for John Barrymore and talked the great man into hiring a gag man, something he had never had before. "Do you know of one?" asked Barrymore. Hollingshead racked his brain. "By golly, I do," he cried. "I know a young man named Foy." Foy was hired and for five weeks did nothing but draw his pay.

Barrymore used to look at him on the set in a hard way. Finally he told Hollingshead to fire Foy; he wasn't doing anything, anyhow. But that isn't how a gag man works, protested Hollingshead. He's only good when you start shooting and need ideas. He primed Brynie on the fact that a kitchen scene was to be the first thing shot. Brynie came on the set and exploded ideas all over the landscape. Barrymore's eyes popped out. At noon he sent for Foy and Brynie came into his dressing room.

At three o'clock Mr. Hollingshead came out and told the company they might as well go home; there'd be no more shooting that day. After leaving the set, Barrymore and Foy repaired to the great man's suite at the Ambassador and were still there four days later retelling old stage gags and lifting the foaming beaker.

At the end of that time, Brynie thought himself of his family, and was next to be found getting out of a taxi in front of his house. In his arms was a huge replica of a sailing ship, with all sails set. He kicked the door of his house and waited until his wife opened it.

"Mrs. Foy," he said solemnly, "this is your husband, Brynie . . . your little Brynie. I don't know where I found this thing but I know you wanted it and I've been hunting all over for it."

"It is exactly what I needed for the house," answered Mrs. Foy, equally solemn. "Where did you leave your shoes?"

This will give you an idea of the qualities needed by the wife of a great man—A King B.



"\$750! Let me remind you again, gentlemen, Miss Walsh does not go with the watch!"

a picture about a nudist camp called Elysia.

The film cost \$10,000 to make and earned over \$100,000. Knowing that it couldn't be released through regular channels, Brynie took the prints under his arm and started out to play it wherever he could find a theater, meeting place or empty barn. In one Southern town he did a marvelous business on the first day of the run and was nonplused when the second day's take was under eight bucks.

"A lynching in the next town," reports Brynie.

On another occasion when the bank roll was low, he struck on the idea of doing a film on Tom Mooney. He took the last \$4,000 in the treasury and headed for San Quentin, where the warden had assured him he could get shots of Mooney. By the time he got there, however, the warden had changed his mind. Nothing daunted, Foy went over

years ago and he is now making thirty films a year for that outfit, in addition to six technicolor shorts. He won the Academy Award for one of his shorts on Patrick Henry and has delighted audiences with other treatments on patriotic and sentimental themes. His Robert Burns got applause where two-million-dollar features were being yawned at.

Among his discoveries are Wayne Morris and Marie Wilson and at one time or another he has had practically every second-string star and most of the big ones before his cameras. He has an uncanny news sense and a hard-hitting way of putting across a topical theme. One of his successes was a picture called Where Were You Born? which was merely bringing the idea of horoscope-reading to the screen. His pictures at Warners' are produced for around \$110,000 and he manages to turn out three or four "B" pictures a year that reach "A" status and roll the money into the

Mountain Monarch

Continued from page 22

had happened? You know he wouldn't!"

"If I pull the boy through, he will."

"If you can gamble on that, so can I! Don't you see—if he recovers, we're both all right. If he doesn't—well, one of us is in for it, anyway."

His shoulders moved in a gesture of helplessness. He turned toward the bed. "If I could make you go, I would. I hope you'll do it for my sake, if not for your own. Think about that, will you? There's still a little time." Then he took out a stethoscope and bent over David McLaren.

As it happened, neither of them thought of it again that evening. Instead, they spent the hard hours fighting a sharp and sudden crisis in the boy's condition. Just at dark, he began tossing and muttering. His fever rose quickly to a hundred and four, and the delirium returned. It was what they had waited for—and dreaded—the flurry that might end in death and might mark the beginning of convalescence. The weight of a hair could turn it either way. Once, looking up, the doctor was startled to see old Jed McLaren standing at the foot of the bed. No one had told him of the change in his son, and it was the first time he had appeared in the sick-room. He didn't get in anyone's way. He didn't even speak, and Duncan tried to disregard him. It wasn't easy to get that ravaged, stern old face out of his mind, until he turned to the white, young face on the pillow. It hadn't struck him before, but the boy was the image of his father.

His head, when the doctor felt it, was hot and dry. He breathed through open, cracking lips, and so faintly that they could hardly be sure the breathing hadn't stopped. The great weariness invading Jim Duncan was more mental than physical. He found a chair by the bedside and dropped on it. This was the end! He had done his best, and there was nothing more he could do. He felt for the boy's pulse, and found its weak flutter. The wrist was hot. By Duncan's watch, it was nearly two in the morning.

He didn't know how long he had gone on holding the boy's wrist between his fingers, but he noticed, with no particular surprise, that his finger tips were

damp. It took a long minute for the meaning of that to dawn upon his tired mind. He put his hand quickly on David's forehead, and it was cooler, wet with sweat. Duncan fumbled clumsily for his thermometer, and thrust it into the boy's mouth. When he read it, his face worked queerly. He caught Jed McLaren's eye, and then he was laughing. The laughter hurt his stiff cheeks. "The sweat's come, and the fever's broken. Give him quiet now, and he'll mend. Outside, all of you but Susan!"

Of all strange sights Jim Duncan had ever seen, the strangest was the sudden weeping of the old King of the Mountains.

JED MACLAREN hadn't quite finished with them yet. "You're free to go now, and I'll set ye on the way. But first, I'll pay for what ye've done." He took a leather bag from his pocket, small and heavy, and held it out. Duncan knew, without seeing them, that the coins were gold. But he didn't want them.

"I'll remind you that it isn't something you can pay for! That was never mentioned; it wasn't part of the bargain. You were to let us go if we healed the boy. We've done that, and I won't hold you to more than your word."

The old man flushed painfully, but Duncan saw no reason to spare him. "It wasn't as if you had left us any choice."

"Aye, but ye had the choice!" said old Jed, and his flush deepened. "Susan told me what she offered, and how ye didn't take it. I've never yet been beholden to any man for a thing like that."

"For that matter, I've never before had a gun held to my head while I worked. Most of my patients trust me to do my best, without that."

"I didn't know ye. The boy looked like dying, and he was my youngest." A note of pleading had crept into the deep voice. "I make ye free of all this country now. It's yours, without let, if ye take the payment."

Duncan considered. "The money's mine, to do as I like with it? Then I give it to Susan and the boy, for a wedding present." Because old Jed hesitated, he put out his own hand first. Jed McLaren took it.

Where the Thinking Starts

Continued from page 13

soon assuring a bristling captain that he could earn his fare in hard labor. "I can wait on table, sir," he pleaded. But the captain had enough waiters. "I can shovel coal, sir." But it was an oil burner. "I can do typing, sir." But the captain had heard that one before.

With visions of a salty dunking, Henderson grabbed a scrap of paper, rammed it into a typewriter and started down the sheet so fast the keys whistled. "Damn, how I typed!" he says.

Touched by the fact that Leon did know the difference between his right and left hands, the captain gave him a job making a list of the war dead the ship was bringing back home.

Ultimately Henderson finished college and, after a whirl at the Chautauqua business, went to work for Governor Gifford Pinchot, reclassifying the salaries of state employees. He cut the pay of some political workers and raised the pay of some nonpolitical appointees. Even Pinchot's campaign manager resigned in the glorious row that followed.

When a new administration came

in, Leon's jobs—he held five positions simultaneously under Pinchot—were divided into \$28,000 worth of titles. Henderson's pay had been \$5,000 a year.

Later with Russell Sage, Henderson went to battle against loan sharks and for several years was the center of a constant storm as he lobbied for legislation in state assemblies. Perhaps the most peaceful position he has had was as economist for the Democratic National Committee in the 1936 campaign. Charley Michelson hired him because economists, "like buttons on coat sleeves serve no useful purpose but they look nice."

When Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold took over Henderson as executive secretary in the monopoly investigation, he opened a whole new field of rowdiness for Leon. Henderson blames inflexible monopolistic prices in part for the 1937 slump and he has been campaigning against the trusts for several years. If the investigation is either a circus or a free-for-all, Leon will be in the middle, a sight to behold.

Have Doctor Come

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FOLLOW SIMPLE DIRECTIONS IN THESE PICTURES



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2. Then dissolve 3 Bayer Tablets in $\frac{1}{3}$ glass of water and gargle—to relieve scratchy feeling in throat.
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TAKE A MINUTE to look at the pictures above. They may save you hours of discomfort next time you have a cold or the raw, scratchy sore throat that comes with so many colds.

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In all probability, he will tell you to continue with the Bayer Aspirin because it acts to relieve the painful discomforts of a cold with remarkable speed. And because it acts to reduce fever. This simple treatment has largely supplanted the use of strong medi-

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15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS
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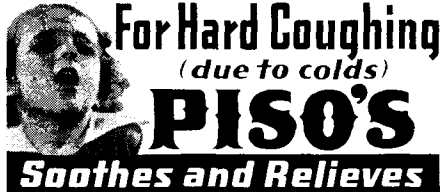


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Do you know why Dole pineapple fields in Hawaii are so big? Well, it's because so many people like big glasses of Dole Pineapple Juice so much that it takes fields and fields of Dole-grown Pineapples to make enough.

For Eddie and Midge had been married three months now, and in spite of everything they had promised, in spite of themselves, both of them could feel a door sliding between them. It was nothing overt, nothing concrete, nothing that prevented them from falling into each other's arms every now and then and solemnly swearing that nothing could ever separate them. It was this that made it so dangerous, because they could not see it coming and therefore couldn't avoid it.

But one Sunday morning Eddie sat up in bed and Midge came in and said good morning, and Eddie wanted to know if she really had to clatter those pans in the middle of the night, and Midge said she was sorry, it was eleven o'clock and she was committing the heinous crime of scrambling some eggs. "You might wait till I get up," Eddie said, and Midge made a funny little bow and said, "I'm sorry, sir, I'll wait in the servants' quarters until you ring, sir," and then Eddie felt bad but it was hot and he wasn't going to give in. So he pulled the sheet over his head and when he awoke again it was one-thirty, and when he called Midge there was no answer. He began to feel lousy, not knowing whether it was his fault or hers, not realizing, of course, that it was neither's.

She came back about five-thirty, so it wasn't stark tragedy, only both of them felt it was a lot worse than tragedy because it was just the ordinary, everyday strain of living that was beginning to tell on them, and that seemed to be something neither of them could adjust with a good smile or a heart-to-heart talk.

She prepared supper in silence, served it in silence, ate in silence until Eddie couldn't stand it any longer. He wanted to say, "Look, kid, I'm nuts about you and I know how you feel about me, so let's not be sensible about this—let's be a couple of people in love about it." But all he said was, "It's hot as hell in here. Let's get some air." Midge said she didn't mind. So they went out, side by side, though you could hardly say together.

THEY walked along, growing more miserable and desperate, Midge thinking her first hunch had been right—to wait until he was earning a little more than she; and Eddie thinking a guy is crazy to get tied down these days when the world has its knees dug into your elbows already. He actually found himself wishing he weren't so much in love with Midge.

At the moment that both of them were reaching the boiling point, something important happened. They saw an automobile in a dealer's window. Hypnotized, they pressed forward toward the window to stare in at it. For at this moment what they were looking at was something much more than a car. All at once it seemed to be a symbol of the freedom, the adventure and the beauty they knew was lacking in their lives. It floated before them, beyond the show window, like a haughty ship, gracefully streamlined, a tantalizing tribute to the new esthetics of the machine age. Its color was a soft faded blue, like the ocean they had looked out upon those unforgettable evenings at the canyon. Stretching across the body, just below the door and the hood, was a slender, white line.

"That's like the moonlight," Eddie said wonderingly.

"Gee, and those fenders," Midge added, "curling over the tires just like waves."

Eddie Buys a Car

Continued from page 25

They stepped back to admire it as the work of art it was.

A salesman with a sharp crease to his pants and to his mouth quickly joined them.

"Nice little bus, eh?" he said.

Midge and Eddie felt as if their own child had been insulted. "Nice!" she said. "It's... it's heavenly."

"Which one is selling this car?" the salesman laughed. "It's a honey, all right. Why don't you folks come in and have a look at it?"

Midge was just about to tell him they hadn't the slightest thought of buying it, she just wanted to stand there looking in at it, like a newsboy staring into a toy-shop window at Christmas time. But Eddie gave her a funny look, and said, "Thank you, don't mind if we look it over," very importantly, as if they had been doing nothing but looking at limousines for weeks.

So now they were close enough to touch it, completely swept away by the car and the magic words of the salesman, who seemed to be composing a sort of twentieth-century lyric poem about feather-mattress shock absorbers, and unbreakable glass, the eighth-wonder gear shift, the solid steel chassis, the noiseless axle and all the other wonders of this shining miracle on wheels. In spite of the fact that the salesman insisted on seeing his sales talk through to the eloquent and brilliant coda, Eddie and Midge needed no persuading. All they needed was money. So when the salesman finally caught his breath and, sensing a kill, suggested that they take the car out for a trial drive if they didn't believe miracles until they saw them, Midge felt it was time to let the salesman in on the secret of their financial status, or rather their lack of it.

But Eddie was looking more mischievous every second, the way he used to before he became a man of responsibility, and before Midge could protest, Eddie was actually at the wheel, guiding the majestic thing slowly out of the harbor, and what was even more surprising, Midge was right beside him, and they were alone, and Eddie sat up very proudly, as if he really owned it, and honked the horn two gay blasts, and Midge said, "You're such a silly darling," and Eddie answered, "Mrs. Moore, passengers are kindly requested not to address the driver," and Midge said, "Oh," and kissed him, "the rule doesn't forbid that, does it?" And Eddie spoke very seriously, "On the contrary, madame, regulations insist upon it," and that's the way it went all the way out to the beach, and by the time they were coming back they couldn't remember when they had been anything else but the model lovers of their generation.

THEY were nearing the auto agency. They were both thinking the same thing. "If only we could steal it," Midge said, "and keep right on going. We could stop along the beach between Malibu and Oxnard and swim in the moonlight and..." She looked over at Eddie. He was carefully steering the car back into the showroom. "Midge," he reminded her, "we've got to be practical."

At that moment Midge looked up at her husband understandingly. A minute later she was staring at him as if he had gone raving mad.

The salesman had opened the car door for them, and asked, "Well, folks, how about letting me sell you one?"

"How much is it?" Eddie asked.

Midge thought this was going entirely too far.

The salesman told him. "The best buy

in the low-priced range," he added. It sounded to Midge as if he said a million dollars. As far as she was concerned he might just as well.

But Eddie said, "We'll take it."

"Eddie, are you crazy?" she said. "We haven't that much money."

"That doesn't matter," the salesman said, "your husband here has the right idea. I think we can arrange the right kind of terms for you."

"But, darling..." Midge started to say.

It seemed as if the entire deal was transacted before she could finish her sentence. They were going to borrow, hock and save all month to pay the down payment. After that the installment would be thirty-five dollars a month. The car was practically theirs now.

They seemed to walk home without touching the sidewalk. "Eddie, we shouldn't have done that," Midge said.

"Of course not. That's why it's going to be fun," Eddie answered recklessly. "We've been trying to play too safe. We aren't paying off that way so we might as well take a real chance. It'll be the shot in the arm both of us were needing—the greatest thing that ever happened to us!"

MIDGE wanted to believe it, even though it seemed like believing in fairy tales. But she was worried about that thirty-five dollars a month. "But, Midge," Eddie argued excitedly, "we'll save twenty-eight cents a day in street-car tokens alone. Do you realize that's almost two bucks a week? Gee whiz! More'n a hundred bucks a year clear profit. We can't miss!"

Whether they could or could not miss was beside the point. The point being that Midge and Eddie plunged into the job of raising the necessary money with a spirit that completely eclipsed all their minor irritations and frustrations. They worked hard, and time moves fast that way, until the day finally came when Midge heard a loud, prolonged, victorious honk, and rushed outside, and there was the car, actually outside their apartment. Midge jumped in and they drove out to the beach. It was way past suppertime, but neither of them wanted to stop, so they just started up the coast highway toward Santa Barbara.

"Listen to that engine—it purrs like a kitten," Eddie exulted, and then he had to change places so Midge could drive. "Don't forget to hold it at twenty-five," Eddie would say, and, "You're riding the clutch, Midge," until finally Midge said she wouldn't be surprised to wake up some night and find Eddie outside in the garage sleeping with the car; she had a rival at last, she pouted. But Eddie kissed away her fears. "She's not the other woman, honey," he said, "she's our first child." "Then we'd better be careful not to spoil her," Midge warned. "You know how it is with these only children."

The next two months flew by at sixty miles an hour. Every Sunday was a different adventure. They struggled like mad to meet those installments, they stunted themselves with Spartan determination to provide the money for gas and oil. Overnight, life had become a great crusade. Pruning their modest budget meant dispensing with certain necessities and they found in each other the assistance and encouragement they needed to make a go of it.

They didn't drive the car around the city much, in order to save gas. But finally, after narrowly squeaking by the fourth installment, Midge told Eddie she

was afraid they would have to decide between giving up the car and moving to a cheaper apartment. Eddie grumbled that if they had only kept to their budget everything would have been all right. But Midge reminded him of all the ghosts that haunt a budget: dentist and doctor bills and unanticipated minor accidents.

They moved to three smaller rooms farther downtown. Eddie asked for a raise and the boss drew a doleful picture of conditions so Eddie had to be satisfied with a vague promise of an increase later on. The crisis of paying the installments seemed to deepen each month, but it was no longer a carefree adventure. Eddie and Midge found it was becoming the sole topic of their conversation. Like a magician's trick, the car that had been their liberator was becoming their oppressor.

By the time they had paid their sixth month's installment, every purchase had become an issue of dissension. Their nerves were raw from the strain, and the slightest misunderstanding of word or gesture was sufficient to sting them into anger.

ONE day, after Eddie had just barely made the payment by borrowing five dollars from Frank, he picked Midge up at the department store as he always did after work. She was carrying a large hatbox. Of course she had no idea what was raging inside him. She pinched his cheek and said, "How's my little grumbly-cake this evening?"

Eddie waved her hand aside and said, "Don't, darling; you know I don't like you to do that."

"Why, Grumpy!" Midge teased. "Where are your six other little playmates?"

They drove several blocks in silence. Then Eddie asked, "What've you got there?"

Midge said, "Just a hat."

"Just!" Eddie said. "You know how we're fixed for money."

"But, darling," Midge said calmly, "it was one of the samples and I had a chance to buy it so cheap."

"How cheap?" Eddie wanted to know.

"Only seven dollars," Midge said. "Actually a third of the price."

"Seven dollars on a hat!" Eddie exploded. "I thought you had a hat."

"That's a summer hat, silly," Midge said patiently.

"What's wrong with a summer hat?" Eddie demanded. "This is California.

It's summer all year round anyway."

"Come out from behind that Chamber of Commerce booklet," Midge smiled.

But Eddie was in no mood for kidding. By the time they reached their flat, they were still on the subject of the hat. Midge wasn't trying to laugh him out of it any more. She was tired and sore and what right did he have nagging her anyway? What did he want her to do, go around in that damned car stark naked? To hear him talk you'd think she was throwing away money like an heiress. How about himself? What about that pipe he had to have for two and a half bucks because everybody in the office had started smoking pipes?"

"Don't try to change the subject," Eddie yelled. "You know you shouldn't have bought that hat."

"I guess there isn't any use," Midge said. She was angrier than Eddie now, in a quieter, more definite way. "There's no reason in the world why I shouldn't buy a hat when I need one—except that you did have to have that car."

"I suppose you didn't say you'd like to drive off with it and never bring it back? But now when it goes wrong, it's all my fault. Just like a woman."

"Listen, you big, dumb, stubborn mule," Midge suddenly screamed at him. "I told you we had about as much right to buy that car as . . . as . . ."

"As you had to buy that hat?" Eddie suggested.

"I'm sick and tired of fighting with you about that hat, and that car, and everything," Midge yelled.

"Well, who started it?" Eddie yelled back.

"I don't care," Midge cried out. "As a matter of fact, I'm sick and tired of you, too."

At first Eddie thought this was just hysterics, but then when she repeated it more calmly he knew she meant it.

IT ALL had happened so fast it was hard for Eddie to realize that he and his wife had really had a blowoff, the real thing, and now it was finished, and they were coldly discussing the terms of their separation, almost like strangers making a deal.

"I'll move out," Eddie mumbled after Midge had offered to let him keep the apartment. "I can find a room somewhere cheap." There wasn't much to discuss because they didn't have many possessions to divide. Nothing really except the car. When Eddie broached that subject, Midge said she didn't want

to hear anything further about it; she guessed the simplest plan would be just to give it back.

"But there's no use throwing away six months' installments," Eddie reasoned. "It would be crazy to give it up now."

Midge had to see the sense of this. Resignedly, they agreed on a plan. They would each pay half the installment every month. Eddie offered to let her keep the car all the time, but Midge insisted on being businesslike. "We'll share the car the same way we pay for it," she said coolly. "We'll alternate on it every two weeks."

So it was agreed. Eddie bid Midge a reluctant but chilly goodbye and she went to the window to watch the blue car melt into the traffic of the street. As she turned away, tears were half formed in her eyes but she was too angry with him to give in to them. She went into the kitchen to prepare her lone supper, trying to whistle nonchalantly. Then she stopped short. It was Love Walked In.

Two weeks later, when she came downstairs on her way to work in the morning, there was the blue beauty dutifully awaiting her. She found the key in the sidepocket, where Eddie always left it. There was a note there, too: "Midge—I have just had the oil changed. Don't forget to keep the air in the tires at thirty-five pounds. And try not to ride the clutch. Eddie."

For the next two months Eddie and Midge neither saw nor spoke to each other. Their only contact, besides the installment collector, who made his monthly visit to each, were the notes that they always left for the other at the end of their two-week period. They were invariably brief and impersonal, though a psychologist might have read certain signs of affection in Eddie's, while Midge's were colder and more rigid.

"I am leaving you the car with twelve gallons of gas," one of her notes read. "Naturally I am expecting there'll be that many when the car is returned to me."

Eddie's answer was to return the car to her with the tank completely full. And the following message: "There is also a full gallon can in the trunk, in case you run out. Though I suppose there's no danger of that as I noticed you only drove one hundred and fifty miles in your last two weeks. Don't forget what I told you about that clutch."

When the installment collector called for the ninth payment Eddie had his seventeen-fifty all ready for him. The collector cleared his throat. "I'm afraid that isn't going to be enough this time," he said. "What's the matter?" Eddie asked. "You're not raising the payments on us?" "No," the collector said, "but I've just come from Mrs. Moore. She says she's not able to make her payment this month." "But she has to," Eddie stormed, "that's what we agreed on. You go back and tell her. . . ." The collector interrupted him. "She said to tell you that you would either have to make the full payment this month or give up the car. And she recommended the latter, son."

BUT there was something about that car that Eddie refused to surrender. He called Frank while the collector waited, and told him he'd pay him back on payday. Then he paid the full thirty-five dollars. That was going to mean doing without the orange juice he liked in the morning and cutting down on his lunches, but he wouldn't lose that car, not after everything that had happened.

Next morning he found it hard to concentrate on his work. Midge wasn't the welshing kind. What could have possibly made her pass up her payment?

Midge couldn't believe it was he when she opened the door. "Eddie!" she

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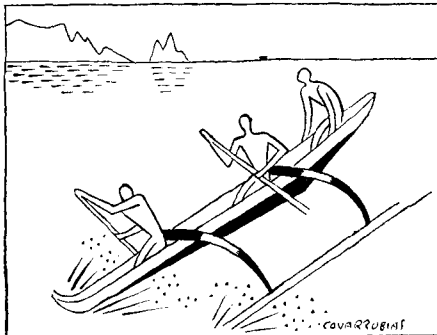
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cried excitedly, and then she remembered to be cool and said, "Good evening. What do you want?"

"I've . . . I've come on business," Eddie said miserably.

Midge was disappointed when that was all he said, and so was Eddie.

"As a partner," she said, "I suppose you should know that I lost my job last week."

Eddie looked at her intently, hoping to find out why she lost the job. But she looked away, too full of pride to tell him how the void he had left in her life had followed her to the store, leaving her listless and uninterested in what was going on around her. Eddie wondered if that was it, but he was afraid to say it out loud.

"I'm sorry," Eddie said, "but I guess I can manage to pay the whole thing for a while anyway. I got my raise last week. I'm getting twenty-five now!"

She had told him to ask for that since the day they were married. "That's very nice," she said. "In the meantime, until I find something again, it's only right that you keep the car with you all the time."

"Don't be silly," Eddie said. "This will just be a loan."

"Thanks," Midge said, "you're being very fair."

If she had said anything else, "kind," "sweet," even "swell," he might have had an opening. He might have said, "Look, honey, I know I want you back, and I think you want me, so let's arrange a quiet little funeral for that old hatchet." But now all he said was a stupid, "I think you'd do the same thing for me. After all, we made a deal about that car." She would have given anything to remind him they had made an even more important deal than that, but she let him go out with just a goodbye and a thank you.

The next time Eddie was supposed to get the car from Midge he was surprised to find it wasn't there waiting for him. Both of them had been amazingly punctual about this obligation. This was actually the first time either of them had fallen down. He rushed upstairs to phone her. She didn't answer. He tried to think where she could possibly be. Then the phone rang. It was the receiving hospital. Calling for Mrs. Moore. She had been in a nasty accident. The car was considerably damaged. But Mrs. Moore was only suffering from shock and painful abrasions.

Twenty minutes later Eddie was down at the hospital. He found Midge in the main ward, pale and still frightened. She was so glad to see him she forgot not to smile. He handed her the bunch of violets he had picked up on the way down. She always liked violets. She held out her arms to him and for a moment they were together and he was telling her not to worry about the accident; it was enough to know she wasn't badly hurt.

WHEN he came back to see her the next day she was fully dressed and sitting in a chair, looking much better. In fact she had recovered so much that she remembered that they were hardly talking. And Eddie felt a little uncomfortable too, now that he really had no excuse for coming.

"I . . . I came to talk the fender situation over," he said.

"Eddie, I don't know what I can do," she said, really worried. "The hospital will have to get all the money I have left. And the fenders . . ."

"Don't worry," Eddie said, "I've got a pal who'll knock those fenders out for almost nothing. And, Midge, I've arranged to take care of the hospital bill."

"But I can't let you do that," Midge said.

"It'll be a sort of I O U," Eddie said, uncomfortably businesslike.

He was back again next day.

"The doctor says I'm getting out this afternoon," she said.

"That's swell," Eddie said.

"Thank you," Midge said. "How does the car look?"

"Not so bad," Eddie said. "Of course it isn't exactly the way it was in that window that night, but, well, I guess a lot's happened."

"Yes," Midge agreed, "I guess it has."

She hesitated a moment. "Eddie, I thought I might go up to Santa Barbara and visit Aunt Alice for a couple of weeks. It would be a good rest. I know the next two weeks are yours for the car but I thought . . ."

"Don't be silly," Eddie said. "Of course you can have it."

"Thanks," Midge said. "Then you can have it for a whole month after that."

"We can settle that later," Eddie said.

THE next day Midge was packing when the doorbell rang. It was Eddie. He seemed very flustered. "I don't know exactly how to say this," he began uncertainly, "but, well, it just happened that the boss gave me a two-weeks vacation, starting tomorrow, and I wondered if . . ."

"You want to use the car instead of giving it to me," Midge jumped ahead of him. "Take it, of course, Eddie. Wait—I've got a better idea, you could just drop me there, and pick me up again when it's time to go home."

"If you're sure you don't mind," Eddie said.

"No, I won't mind," Midge answered.

"Then I'll pick you up in the morning," Eddie grinned.

It was a beautiful drive to Santa Barbara.

"Look at those mountains," Eddie pointed out. "Poking their heads right into the ocean."

"Like deer drinking at a lake," Midge said.

"More like elephants with their trunks in the water taking a bath," Eddie commented.

Anyway, they were talking together, flowing together as they used to.

As they turned a sharp bend, they could see a little cove on the sand, hidden from the road by enormous rocks.

hollowed out into caves. The sand was white and untouched. Eddie put on the brakes.

"What's the matter?" Midge asked. Eddie reached down below the seat and brought up a cardboard box. "We're all set," he grinned. "Here's the lunch and there's the place to eat it."

It was a good lunch and it tasted twice that good with the ocean spray in their faces.

"Gosh, Midge," Eddie said, "it's fun to be alone with you."

"I've been dying to hear you say something like that again," Midge said.

"I've been dying to say it," Eddie admitted.

"Darling," she said, "promise me something? Let's not bury the hatchet. I don't think either of us ever really had one. But let's bury our pride. Right here in the sand, deep. So that this can never happen to us again."

"I'd bury the car too, if I thought it was ever going to keep us apart again," Eddie said. "Look at it standing up there without saying a word. As if it didn't know it brought us together, and then it tore us apart. . . ."

"And then it brought us together again," Midge said. "Only it's not going to boss us any more. Let's try to keep it, Eddie. But if it starts to be a problem again, we'll just have to make it understand that it has to be the first one to go."

"It's a deal," Eddie said. "Let's kiss on it, Midge." And the waves roared up a long time before they heard them again.

Going through Santa Barbara, Midge said, "I think you just passed Aunt Alice's street."

"I'm sure I passed it," Eddie said. "We're on our way to Lake Tahoe."

"Tahoe! But, Eddie!"

"Why not?" Eddie asked. "As long as we're not going to be paying two rents any more, we might as well have our fling."

"Darling," Midge said, "turn on the radio. Maybe someone is playing Love Walked In."

"Love walked right in," they sang together as they hit the coast highway again coming out of Santa Barbara, "and dee-dum shadows away. . . ."



"On behalf of the staff and myself, sir—whoopee!"

TED KEY

Big Boy

Continued from page 9

Shirdella was polite but grim.
"Yeah. A certain fella received it with a clanstine note without no signature but in cultured handwriting. He asked me could I find out who sent it."

Miss Sedley smiled.
"Oh, I know! It's Roy, the bus driver!"
"Yeah, jest between us, that's whom. And I must say I was surprised at Briarheath students that they would try to get a hard-working fella in trouble an' maybe cost him his job with their silliness. Roy—Mr. Kreeble—also received a pipe, a box of candy and some house slippers, with anonymous notes."

WELL, little Sedley was not guilty of sending any of the presents, Shirdella could tell, but she got pink in the face when Shirdella added: "It seems like why one of the girls even wheedled Mr. Kreeble into breaking college rules so's she could keep a date with somebody at the Jefferson Memorial in Forest Park."

The poor little kid had the good grace to be honest.

"I did that," she said, "and I'm sorry. But I had to do it, Miss Flanagan."

"Well, I guess every girl knows her own business best," said Shirdella, going to work on Miss Sedley's hair.

She could tell that Miss Sedley had a lot on her conscience and nobody to tell it to, and she felt sorrier and sorrier for the kid. But she just made pleasant conversation about this and that until, all of a sudden, Miss Sedley had to tell it: "I did meet a man that time, Miss Flanagan. But we can't see each other around school or in Charlestown. People just wouldn't understand and their mean spiteful talk would spoil it—something wonderful and beautiful."

Shirdella pretended to be sympathetic.

"I guess I know who you refer to," she said, "and there certainly would be all kinds a talk."

Poor little Sedley tossed her head so dramatically she got soap in her eyes.

"I don't care. As far as I'm concerned, everybody could know. I—I love him and he loves me!"

"I should think he wouldn't care, either."

"He doesn't. He's just afraid my father would try to separate us before we can—well, there's no use burdening you with my troubles. They'll soon be over, anyway!"

By this time, Shirdella was not in no condition to say anything more, she was so simply furious how little Sedley's old man and the college had treated her. This poor kid was in the last grade of Briarheath and well acquainted with the subjects of higher education, yet still and all she could not tell that Prof. Thurman Slawson Bradhurst was a stinker. Why, Shirdella her ownself could of put the finger on slick Prof. Bradhurst when she was in the second grade of high school, even before she went to work.

"I wouldn't do nothing in a big hurry, Miss Sedley," Shirdella just said, her last word on the subject.

"Maybe I won't have to," said Mary Sedley. Then, she gave Shirdella the sweetest smile of true friendship and said: "I knew you'd understand. I hope you'll let me come in and cry on your shoulder, Miss Flanagan."

Shirdella could of hugged little Sedley and scratched Prof. Bradhurst's sly, shifty eyes right out.

"Sure, honey," she said. "You do that. Jest any time."

That evening, during dinner at a St. Louis County roadhouse, Mr. Roy Kree-

ble had his eyes opened wider as to the behavior of poor little Briarheath College students that was shut away from men like in a convent and could not tell a stinker from a real man.

"You reckon they aim to elope?" he said. "That young kid with a organ-pumping punk like Bradhurst?"

"I most certainly think that is jest what they intend, Mr. Kreeble!"

Mr. Kreeble gulped his steak.

"I got to tell Dr. Hubnell and Dean McCurragh about this," he said.

Shirdella shook her head.

"No, it's my job. They'll prob'ly get sore and you can't afford to get caught behind the eight ball. They can't do nothing to me."

"Nuh. I go with you to tell 'em."

"That's out, Mr. Kreeble. I respect you far too highly to let them even think for a minute that you are spying on the students—an' besides, where questions of sex is involved it is best to let a girl handle it."

Big Boy looked at her gratefully.

"You got a brain," he said. "You got a warm heart, too. Most gals wouldn't lift a finger to keep another gal outa trouble."

"I sincerely pity the poor little thing, that's all."

"Yuh. You got sympathy."

"I guess it's my Irish nature, Mr. Kreeble. It seems like why no matter who it is I believe in the underdog and do not wanta see a stinker like Bradhurst put over somepin."

Mr. Kreeble looked upon Shirdella with even more pronounced approval.

"You got a sense of justice," he said. "You give them folks and her dad a chance to save her. In the meantime I'll try to get the dope on Bradhurst."

This heart-to-heart talk with Roy—Mr. Kreeble—certainly gave Shirdella the courage of her conviction. So, next morning she marched straight to Dean McCurragh's office at the college.

Dean McCurragh always washed her own hair, and it certainly looked it, too; and her face made Shirdella itch to get to work with the electric needle and a mud pack and massage cream, not that anyone could guarantee the results either.

"Yes, Miss Flanagan? What can we do for you this morning?"

"It's about Miss Mary Sedley."

"Mary? What's she been up to?"

"She is carrying on a clanstine love affair with a certain prof in this school—a fella by the name of Bradhurst, Dean McCurragh, and I think you folks oughta tell her father so he can bust it up!"

DEAN MCCURRAGH frowned.

"I assume that you have proof of this amazing story, Miss Flanagan?"

"You can call them both in and ask them, cantcha? He'll lie outa it, but she won't. And as for legal testimony to it, I'd hafta wait till the case come to trial—"

Dean McCurragh got to her feet.

"Young woman," she said, "you seem to be faintly familiar with the law. Do you know the statutes against slander and malicious gossip?"

"I'm telling you the truth. They're gonna elope any time now—"

"Nonsense. Mary Sedley is a lady and Prof. Bradhurst is a gentleman. They are both intelligent, high-minded young people. Your story is ridiculous!"

"Won't you even ask them?"

"No. Good day, Miss Flanagan."

"It's the truth, Dean McCurragh, honest it is. You don't want the poor kid to ruin her whole life—"

Walking to the door with stately stride, Dean McCurragh opened it.

"We have an honor system at Briarheath, young woman," she said. "We trust our students, and we resent tattle and gossip. I'm very busy. You must excuse me."

At the door, Shirdella kinda lost her temper and blurted: "A girl that thinks she's in love with a fella ain't got no honor. Especially when she's fallen for a stinker like Angel Face Bradhurst! Some old women ain't really so smart as they may think they are. Good day to you, Dean McCurragh."

Well, that kinda held Dean McCurragh, alrighty, as she jest stood there gaping like a goof whilst Shirdella walked right outa her office.

Mr. Kreeble telephoned the beauty shop from St. Louis about noon.

"How did you come out?"

"She acted snooty an' wouldn't believe me."

"Yuh? Well, she better."

"Oh . . . didja find out somepin?"

"Yuh."

"What is the nature of it?"

"Ain't fitten to tell."

"Gee . . . that bad?"

"Yuh. You keep an eye on the kid."

"Alrighty. But whatcha gonna do about him?"

"We'll have a talk, soon as I can find him."

"Gee! But hadja better?"

"Yuh. S'long. See you tonight, Shirdella."

"Hunh . . . oh, yeah, Roy!"

THAT afternoon, late, just before closing time, who should come into the beauty shop but Miss Mary Sedley. She had on all new clothes. Her excited expression was a dead giveaway.

"How long will it take to get a permanent, a facial and a manicure?" she asked, a bit breathlessly.

Shirdella didn't let on.

"About two hours, but it's closing time—"

"Oh, I'll pay you double, anything you think is right, Miss Flanagan. Will you . . . please?"

"Okay, honey," Shirdella said.

The other girls and Mrs. Toomey left, and Shirdella locked the front door behind them. Then she returned to Mary Sedley and began to adjust the permanent-wave machine. She used all the curler units the machine had and set them good and tight.

Miss Sedley got suspicious.

"Can't you hurry it up a little?" she inquired, looking at her wrist watch.

"Perhaps I'd better not try to get a permanent. Just fingerwave it."

Shirdella looked her squarely in the eye.

"What's the big hurry, kid? Ain't planning to run away from college, I hope."

"Yes, we're taking the eight-o'clock plane! We've got to, Miss Flanagan. Dean McCurragh heard some gossip somewhere and asked me a lot of questions. She threatened to telegraph my father—"

"Lot of good that would do, now!"

"I told her it wouldn't. Nothing can stop us. When two people love each other as we do, nobody can come between us—"

Sniffing, Shirdella stopped being sympathetic.

"I can stop you, kid," she said, "and that's just what I'm going to do. You ain't running off with Bradhurst tonight. He's a stinker!"

Well, after that, things got pretty hot and heavy. The poor kid wouldn't lis-



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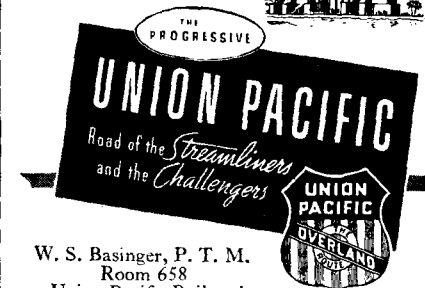
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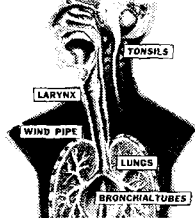
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ten to the truth about Bradhurst and demanded that Shirdella take the permanent wave clamps off'n her hair. Shirdella calmly refused and then the poor distracted thing tried to do it herself, tearing her hair. So to keep her from pulling all her hair out by the roots, Shirdella simply had to get tough and tie her in the chair and put a towel gag in her mouth.

RIGHT in the midst of this, Mr. Kreeble knocked on the front door. Shirdella opened it and said: "I got her tied up in here. She was fixing to meet Bradhurst at the airport at eight o'clock. You go attend to that snake-in-the-grass and phone me!"

Big Boy acted like a true he-man.

"Yuh!" he said. "You keep her here till I phone you!"

Little Sedley cried and Shirdella cried, she felt so sorry, and finally took the gag out when the kid promised not to yell, but Shirdella simply would not turn her loose, even when she said her father would put Shirdella in prison. There is a time in every girl's life when you cannot argue or reason with her, but must get tough....

The telephone rang.

"Shirdella?"

"Yeah, Roy!"

"It's okay to turn her loose now."

"Didja make Bradhurst promise not to try to run off with her?"

"Nuh. But he won't try to run off with her."

"You sure?"

"Yuh. They took him to the hospital."

"Gee... you're jest swell, Roy!"

"Aw, think nothin' of it—"

"If you was here I—I... I'd kinda be apt to kiss you, Roy!"

"Yuh? I'll be right out!"

"Roy! I didn't mean—"

But Roy had hung up, the big he-man guy. Singing gaily, Shirdella went back to the booth and turned Miss Mary Sedley loose. She did not expect no gratitude and she did not get none, just then. Mary Sedley left the beauty shop sobbing and saying she would hate Shirdella all her life and would have her arrested for what she had done.

Shirdella simply did not care, since how you feel about a certain action is the true test of whether it is right so to do; and besides, sure enough, Roy had taken her flip remark seriously. He came dashing up in the college bus and stopped it with the brakes all on fire and jumped out and run straight into the beauty shop.

"You changed your mind, Shirdella?" he said, gentle and reverent and not half believing.

"No, Roy, I ain't!" said Shirdella.

So Roy got his kiss, alrighty, and some more besides. They did not care, neither of them, what the result of their actions would be.

Shirdella, for one, surely had to laugh the next day, what happened. They put Angel Face's picture in the paper on account of him landing in the city hospital with a fractured jaw; and a woman in Chicago recognized him as her long lost husband that deserted her and their two children while he was studying organ music in New York. But to show the rank injustice of life and how those people at Briarheath College would act to save their face, Prexy Hubnell and Dean McCurragh told the newspapers that Prof. Thurman Slawson Bradhurst was not nothing but a part-time professor in the college and had already been fired the day before yesterday. And on top of that, they went and discharged poor Roy so if he denied their brazen lies they could say he was merely a discharged employee.

BUT little Mary Sedley came through true-blue, alrighty. She marched right into the beauty shop whilst Shirdella was calling up to find Roy another job.

"Don't bother, Shirdella," she said. "I've written my father, telling him the whole thing. He'll give Roy a job—and a good one, too. Roy is a fine, honest soul and I hope you'll be sensible enough to marry him!"

Shirdella jest giggled, she was so happy.

"You've learned somepin about how to pick men, honey!" said Shirdella.

Cats on the Logs

Continued from page 18

contest staged in August at Escanaba, Michigan, up near the top of Lake Michigan.

They come from all over the country to roll at Escanaba, an old-time lumber town that is capitalizing on a sport that had nearly died. The lad who tops the crowd of birlers at Escanaba is the recognized champ of the entire country for twelve months. They call him "King of the White Water."

The log birling consists basically of two men, and a log in the water. They have no equipment save calked boots. With these for purchase, they roll (cuff) a log as they choose, and stop (snub) it when they can. There are a few simple rules that are rigidly kept but one doesn't need to know the rules to understand and to thrill at the sport. The guy who gets wet is the loser.

No one knows where or when log-birling started, but it was probably in Maine some two hundred years ago. In those days white pine logs were floated down the Androscoggin, the Kennebec and the Penobscot to the sawmills. But they wouldn't float down by themselves. It took men to keep them moving.

These fellows had to be light and quick as cats, for driving was done in spring—when rivers were raging full of icy water. With pike pole and cant dog the drivers labored like devils, breaking the log jams that occurred at every bend of the stream and riding the millions of feet of timber down to the mills at Augusta and Bangor.... A real catty man on a log was known as a Bangor Tiger.

It was a cheap, quick way to get logs to the mills. It lasted until the Maine timber was gone, and the same system was used when the jacks logged off the Lake States. It followed them on to the Pacific Northwest.

Birling grew out of this river driving and the lumberjacks' endless restlessness. It wasn't enough to drive logs for a hundred miles and more down the Penobscot, the Saginaw, the Chippewa and other rivers. When the logs were safe in the big booms at Oldtown or Bay

City or Eau Claire, the red-shirted boys would take a day off to see who could stand longest on a spinning log.

Saloonkeepers often aided the sport by putting up a barrel of whisky for a prize. There wasn't much an old-time lumberjack wouldn't do for a barrel of hard drinking liquor and, besides, it didn't matter much who won the contest; all would share in the prize.

Formalizing the sport started in 1898 when a lumbermen's convention was held at the big Omaha fair. Lumberjacks were brought on to birl, and Johnny Murray of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, won the title. For the next few years something approaching championship contests were held in Eau Claire, and Ashland, in the same state. It was in Ashland, in 1901, where the greatest contest on record, a veritable Sullivan-Kilrain battle of the logs, took place.

Where Tradition Lived

Tom Oliver—still a great name in the woods—and Jim Stewart birlled six hours the first day and five hours the second, before Oliver fell exhausted into the water. It was the classic battle that old-timers still recall around bunkhouse stoves back in the timber.

For the next thirty-odd years the sport had its revivals and lapses, with halfhearted attempts to bring about a tournament of national scope. None of the attempts clicked. Steam railways had largely done away with rivers for transporting logs. The lumberjacks, too, had changed. They had taken to running around in automobiles and to smoking cigarettes, either item considered a sign of degeneracy by old-timers. These young punks just didn't care about log birling.

Escanaba, Michigan, was once a hell-whooping sawmill town, with plank sidewalks, rows of saloons, and sawmills that whined all day and all night. Every spring Escanaba leaped to sudden life when the drive came down and the city filled with howling, fighting men who had spent all winter in remote camps

and all spring risked their lives to bring the logs to the mills.

So the lumber tradition never quite died in Escanaba, even when its lumberjacks moved on west, over the hump, to new timber. Bill Duchaine, managing editor of the local daily paper, who used to play on log ponds as a kid, and George T. Springer of near-by Gladstone, another old lumber town, got an idea of reviving the dying sport.

Springer and Duchaine, aided and abetted by up-and-coming businessmen of Escanaba, staged in 1937 what came the nearest to being a national tournament of birlers held in the past forty years. Substantial prizes were offered, and Duchaine worked overtime for the love of it, putting on a mighty ballyhoo, writing publicity stories for the press and sending personal letters to lumberjacks all over the country, many of whom were surprised and alarmed to get a letter in the mail.

The tournament brought loggers who had never been outside their native Maine and Minnesota. Michigan and Wisconsin sent a raft of them, and from the Far West came loggers of Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

The contest ran for three days and wowed an audience made up for the most part of people who had never seen two men on a fast log. They liked it. Tough part of it, from the viewpoint of the lumberjacks, was that the title and the big money went, of all things, to a college boy—Joe Connor of Cloquet, Minnesota, senior at the University of Minnesota.

Now, there aren't many practicing lumberjacks left this side of the Rockies, and those who are are mostly old-timers—like Billy Beauregard—aged men so far as the tough sport of birling is concerned. But these old-timers swore, by the Holy Old Mackinaw, that no college boy, not even one from the grand old lumber town of Cloquet, should be a world's champ birler for long.

Last summer the old-timers, and a few younger loggers, turned out with blood

in their eye. Billy Girard, forty-seven, put on his old red sash and came in from the woods back of Gladstone, Michigan, bringing his four birling sons with him.

Billy Beauregard packed his wrinkled calked boots and struck out from the Odanah Reservation in Wisconsin. "My leg was pretty stiff," he said, "but, by gar, I try for roll dat coll-ege boy." From far-off Aberdeen, Washington, came Harley Foster, a log-pond man with pitch in his hair and sawdust down his shirt. And Longview, Washington, probably the biggest of present-day sawmill towns, sent a delegation. Others came from Minnesota towns, and drifters blew in who had driven the Kennebec, down East.

The lumberjills were not overlooked. A total of \$200 in money, plus pretty silver cups, was announced for the girls, and blond Cilvia Winters of Astoria, Oregon, jumped a train with her calked shoes and a bathing suit in her grip. Big, good-natured Mary Jean Mallott, backwoods girl from near Bloomer, Wisconsin, came in a car. Ladysmith, Wisconsin, was represented by Arbutus Wison and the diminutive Marietta Phipps, 94 pounds tankside.

The Ladies Fight It Out

Old-timers around the birling tank said the tournament was the fastest they had ever seen. I've seen over a hundred of them myself, both formal and otherwise, both East and West, and I agree with the old-timers. It was the cleanest, fastest rolling I had ever seen.

They birlled for two afternoons and evenings, one pair after the other. Those light "cork pine" logs were too fast for the old-timers. Peeled of all bark and riding high, they whirled like the mill-tail of hell. Wilbur Marx, for a full decade rated the best birler in the Lake States—but now thirty years old—went down before Jimmie Running, seventeen, the same who gave old Billy Beauregard a wetting. Ironical was the fact that Marx had taught the kid all he knew about the art.

And old Billy Girard birlled fast, too.

but forty-seven-year-old legs can't take it for long. Girard went down early. When the elimination rounds were over, four men, all under thirty, were found to be contenders for the title.

Before the main bouts were run off the two top-ranking girls were matched. Cilvia Winters and Mary Jean Mallott put up a battle that isn't seen every day. Big-boned and husky, with powerful legs, Mary Jean looked awkward and off-balance beside the slim and trim Cilvia. But old-timers weren't impressed by trimness. . . .

Graceful and quick as any cat, Cilvia took the big girl for a fall in thirty-two seconds. It takes two falls to win a round and these girls weren't stumble-bums who could be thrown from an eighteen-inch log very often. Using the same eighteen-incher, they rolled two three-minute rounds without a wetting.

Now, they moved to the second log, the seventeen-incher. Big Mary cuffed it twice, snubbed it. Dunk went Cilvia, and it was fall and fall.

While the crowd went plain crazy, the girls mounted the seventeen-inch stick again. No wetting this time. They rolled the limit and both were dry at the end.

Not before had anyone in the tank-side crowd of experts seen two girls roll themselves through to the Number Three log. This is a stick only sixteen inches in diameter and is called The Toothpick—the fastest log that two persons of average weight can stand on, to say nothing of standing and rolling.

Neither girls nor men can stand long on a sixteen-inch log that is turning rapidly. The Astoria girl went down in six seconds of spectacular rolling, and Mary Jean giggled all over as she was taken in front of the mike and presented with a cup that said she was the girl champ log birler of the world.

The grandstand enjoyed the girls, but the tanned, fly-bitten lads close around the tank were waiting to see how Joe Connor, the Minnesota college boy, would make out against Harley Foster, the twenty-nine-year-old and 185-pound logger from Aberdeen, Washington.

Barefoot Charlie Haase, who had

worn neither socks nor shoes for thirty Wisconsin summers and winters, stood up to say he had five bucks to lay on the logger. Somebody covered the bet.

The Number One log was too slow for these experts but on Number Two log Foster dunked Connor in eight seconds; again in two minutes, forty seconds. . . . The yelling sections were about equally divided. They cheered for Foster because he was a genuine logger and had won, and they cheered Connor because he was a swell guy and a good loser.

It was now all over except for the final match. Jimmie Herron, lumberjack employed at the great Long-Bell mills, Longview, Washington, had rolled all his competitors into the tank and was to meet Foster.

"Foster against Herron for the world's championship," the loud-speaker said. "The big guy is Foster. Herron is wearing the old yellow pants."

A Thrill a Second

Neither the Number One nor Number Two logs meant anything in the life of these two tigers. "I done housekeeping on logs smaller than this—a one," Foster remarked about the eighteen-incher. At the end of six minutes both men were dry as tinder. Ready hands rolled the Number Three toothpick into the tank.

No fooling with this log: you ride a sixteen-incher high and handsome, or down you go quick.

It was sixteen seconds of as furious sport as a man will see on land or water. Bounding like a small boat in a hurricane, the log was up, then down, and two men, tense but riding as though they were parts of the stick, ran faster than squirrels in a cage. Slim and tough Jimmie Herron suddenly leaped into the air, doing a complete about-face, and came down running in the opposite direction to snub the log dead. Over and down went Foster—and the yelling would have startled even a football linesman.

No waiting between rounds. Foster shook the water from him like a terrier and leaped to the log, Herron close behind. Time was in again.

Carrying the fight, Foster put on some rolling the eye could hardly follow. Nobody in the crowd was sitting down any more. The mob was up, tense, screaming incoherent lumberjack cries. Herron rode the spurt out and brought the log to a stop. Foster was panting hard. And now Herron prepared for the knockout. He went into a cuffing that put the slim log wholly under water and kept it there. Foster tipped backward, the mob yelled again and yelled louder when Foster recovered. His face set and grim, Herron snubbed, cuffed, snubbed, cuffed, every time rocking Foster from end to end. Trained eyes saw what was coming and a mighty yell went up for Herron. An instant later Foster went down and out of sight in the tank. While the pond still rippled from the splash, Herron turned a full cartwheel on the bobbing stick, then leaped to shore.

Jimmie Herron, age twenty-five, ten years a logger on the Columbia River, 5 feet 6½ inches, 160 pounds, all hard muscle, had become the world's champ log birler, until next August, anyway.

That night, in a beer joint on Escanaba's main drag, Jimmie Herron set 'em up for everybody who came in. Between beers Barefoot Charlie announced he had walked 48,000 miles on his naked hide. Elmer Swanson said it was a long way out to Hood Canal in Washington and that he guessed he'd be getting along. It was quite a gala evening. Billy Girard stood on top of a table and sang all forty-two verses of the lumberjacks' one classic ballad, The Jam on Garry's Rock, and all hands went into their beer.

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guess he's been a-tryin'." No wrath. But they can't see the Program as applying to them.

Only one man seemed a little bitter. He said:

"I been farming all my life. I think I'm a pretty good farmer. I aim to make a living on my farm and I have done it. But to do this I've got to use my land for the things it will grow best. I thought the best farmer is the man who makes the best use of his farm. I just can't work this farm the way I used to. Weather conditions seem to have changed around here. The crops we used to raise we can't make a living on any more. If they drive us into them we'll all be on the government rolls. We can keep ourselves off the government pay roll here if we can raise wheat. What are they trying to do? Bust us all? Look at my case. When I went into wheat I had to have the machinery to farm wheat. I bought a combine. I paid \$800 for it. I'm paying for it on time. Go around this neighborhood and you'll find that's what all these farmers have done. If I cut down to 21 acres of wheat—what they've given me—how am I going to pay for that combine?"

I found this to be true. I tried to find out how many combines had been sold in the county in the last two years. I found the farm-machinery man who had had a good market. These machines become useless if the present wheat allotment is accepted. Hence the farmers are refusing to comply.

The Suitcase Farmer

This is the case in the eastern counties generally—the most populous counties. Those nearest the Missouri line have gotten the lowest allotments. And the result is a widespread opposition to the Program, even by many who are complying.

As you travel west around Hutchinson and beyond toward the Colorado border you come into that other state, that farther Kansas of which William Allen White told me. There you are in the midst of large farms and little towns. You are, indeed, upon the Great Plains where the deer and the antelope roamed and where once the buffalo ranged the prairies.

A Kansas history tells of those tight-lipped, resolute pioneers who settled upon the Plains before the Civil War. They were in the Dust Bowl but they didn't call it that and they didn't know it. Just before the Civil War the wind swept through those arid slopes and blew the soil covering hither and thither, reducing the inhabitants to utter want. The history then solemnly records how great sums were raised in the East for the relief of the impoverished farmers, but how many of them *refused relief* and went deeper into the West to hunt the buffalo. If it be true, then the buffalo must have slaughtered them all and they must have died childless. For there has been no flight from government money on the Plains by these latter-day Jayhawkers.

Here you find farmers very different from those in east Kansas, but also different from each other. They are alike chiefly in that they have staked their lives upon wheat.

The first type of farmer is what is called the suitcase farmer. He has a thousand acres of land, more or less, upon which he plants wheat. But he doesn't live upon the farm and nobody else does. He has a house in Dodge City or Garden City or Great Bend or maybe Hutchinson. Indeed, he may live in

Wichita and own a farm in Trego County 180 miles away. In July he has his acres plowed. In September he sows wheat. In June he returns for the harvest, which is ended in a month. There's about three months' work, and that's about all he puts into that farm. It harbors neither chick nor child and is without dwelling or stock.

Single Crops Mean Trouble

This gentleman is a gambler. He and the wheat are teamed up on one side and the sun, wind, weather and bugs on the other. If he wins, if he has a good crop, he may get 15,000 bushels of wheat and if the market is right he may get \$15,000 or more for it. That's a killing. He lives in a good house in town, takes his ease during the other nine months and lives the life of Riley if—the sun, the wind, the weather and the bugs don't win. In which event he looks upon himself as the darling of adversity and yells for aid.

How many of these dress-suitcase farmers there are, I do not know. I was surprised at the number of business-

after that they go to the stockyards. The wheat farmer who grazes cattle thus has an extra opportunity for profit. Or he may have a run of poultry or a flock of turkeys.

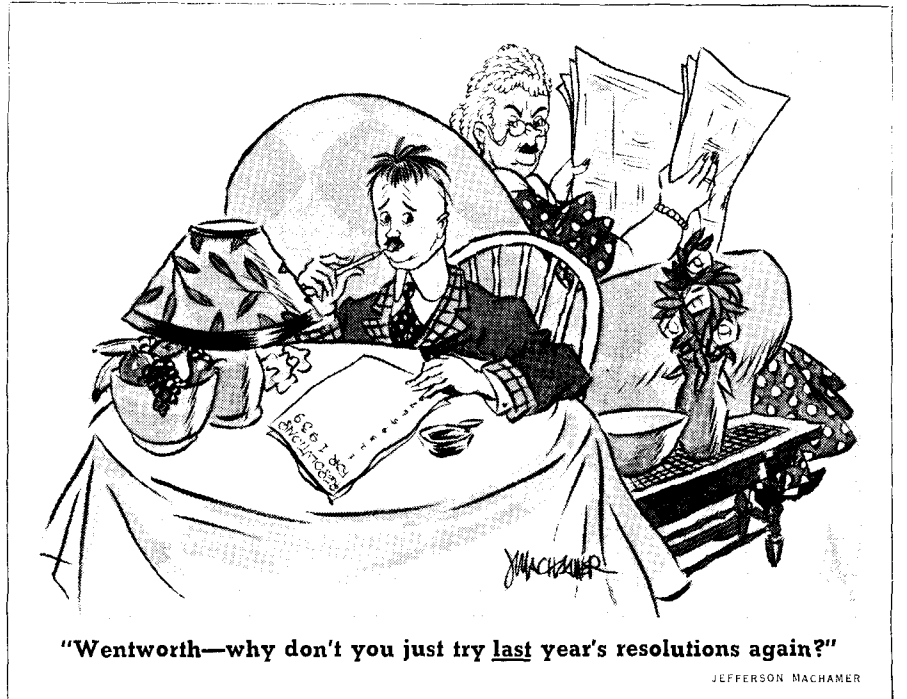
But there are farmers who just commit themselves to the wheat crop and the god of good fortune. These farmers, unlike their brethren in eastern counties, are complying with the Program. As nearly as I could make out they are signing up to the extent of 90 to 95 per cent. And of course there is no reason why they shouldn't since it is like paying them to eat their dinners.

Their case is different from that of the eastern Jayhawker farmer.

The fellow in the east has always planted only part of his land to wheat. The farmer in the west has planted every square inch of his land to wheat. One farmer told me he had even plowed and seeded the roads around his farm.

Therefore these western farmers have a high ten-year average. The eastern farmer has a low ten-year average—even though his recent plantings have been high.

Here is the story in figures of the acres



men, merchants, politicians, newspapermen and even college professors I met who operate wheat farms.

Then there is the farmer who is really a farmer—who owns or rents the farm and lives on it and works it. Many of these farms are quite large. A good wheat farmer will plant wheat and when in the fall it sprouts into the soft green verdure like a juicy pasture he will graze cattle on it.

The average city man who eats his steak little realizes what a traveler was the cow from whose side it was cut. Cattle may be born, let us say, in the Texas Panhandle and nurtured there until they have accumulated 300 pounds or so. Then the west Kansas wheat farmer will buy a score or a few hundred of them and turn them loose upon pasture. When these cattle have put on three or four hundred pounds they will make another trek, this time, perhaps, to some farmer in the Flint Hills or the magnificent blue-stem country, where they get a hardier diet. When I was in Kansas the famous blue-stem grass was high enough in places to hide the cattle feeding in it. After some more hundreds of pounds here they are ready for another trip to the feeding lots in Missouri and

sown last year and the allotment of the AAA this year on the farms of a western county and an eastern one:

	Last Year	This Year's Allotment
Western County:	376,000 acres	333,000 acres
Eastern County:	77,000 acres	26,000 acres

You wonder, as you go about, why the government pays out money to save suitcase farmers. If they cannot survive alone they ought to be permitted to vanish. But as the Program works out it seems to penalize the small farmer and give the biggest break to the big farmer—many of whom, in fact, are not farmers at all in the sense in which that word is generally used.

But while these larger farmers are joining the Program it would not be true to say they are for it wholeheartedly. They prefer it to no program, of course. But they are full of complaints. They have little complaints and big ones. They say the loan part of the ever-normal granary has bogged down. Secretary Wallace frankly admitted when he was in Kansas that it had been delayed

—due to the enormity of the task. The farmer wants to make his loan when his crop is ready for the market. The government was not ready when the crop was being sold, hence very few wheat loans had been made at the end of October—three months after the crop had been harvested.

They don't like the red tape, the papers to be signed, the intrusion into their affairs. They say the whole thing is complicated. I found few farmers who could explain the Program to me. Hence they mutter and mumble. There is no doubt that discontent spreads like a contagion over the wheat farms of Kansas.

They feel that they have gotten nowhere—that the problem is still unsolved. I asked one intelligent large farmer what he thought of the plan. He put his answer in a few words:

"They're aiming at crop reduction. Here's the story:

"1933—68 million acres; 1938—85,000,000.

"1933—562,000,000 bushels; 1938—940,000,000.

"Cost: Half a billion dollars.

"Result: Fifty-cent wheat."

But the Program still has many defenders in Kansas. At the Kansas Agricultural College, the county agents and many farmers defend it. Make a composite of all their statements and it runs about as follows:

Farmers can't live on fifty-cent wheat. And that's what they'll have until they learn how to reduce crops. You can do that only by reducing acres. You can't reduce acreage by force. Farmers will not do it voluntarily. Hence it can be accomplished only by paying them to do so.

Of course the plan has not worked perfectly. First, it was interrupted by the Supreme Court, which held the first AAA unconstitutional. Then the drought completely disturbed the whole farm economy. This Program is a new one adopted only in 1938. It has to have time. It's a gigantic task. It will take some years to make it work. Loans have been slow, payments slow. The thing is a little too complicated now, but all these complaints are the inseparable incidents of a new plan on so vast a scale.

Right Back Where They Started

The composite attack on the plan, gathered from many critics, runs about as follows:

It is preposterous to contend that the Program has had any effect upon solving the farm problem. It set out to reduce acreage, and acreage and crops have increased nearly every year since it started.

In 1933 when the first AAA was launched we harvested 58,000,000 bushels of wheat. This year we harvested 156,000,000 bushels—three times as much. The cost was \$151,000,000.

The farm program in Kansas has been a huge relief project, like any WPA weed-raking project in the city. It would be untrue and unfair to say that this did not help the farmers. You can't pour \$151,000,000 a year into their hands without helping them. That's farm relief. But that is not solving the farm problem. That is today just about where it was when the whole thing started.

The program, if persisted in, will wipe out the little farmers in eastern Kansas. If it helps anyone it will be the big farmers of the west. It will immensely reduce the number of farms and farmers, but it will greatly increase the number of big farms and the production of wheat.

And it will ruin these big farmers in the end. Western Kansas farmers were crushed under a load of debt when the depression started. They owe more now than ever. Take the case of Farmer Brown (this actual case from a banker).

In 1931 he owed \$8,500 on a mortgage. That was killing him.

1932—Drought—poor crop. Borrowed \$400 from Land Bank.

1933 to 1935—More drought and dust storms. Borrowed \$400 each year from government.

1936—Government took over mortgage, bailing out the banker, but leaving the farmer holding it. Now he owed \$8,500 to government instead of to banker and owed an additional \$1,600 on loans from government agencies. But he is still broke. Farm rehabilitation service then lends him \$1,200 to get a new start.

Total debt now \$11,300. He is raising more wheat. He is getting 50 cents a bushel for his wheat. And he owes \$2,800 more than the crushing loan he had in 1932. Of course he has had a breathing space. He will as long as the government will dish out money to him. But this is not solving the farm problem.

Whatever side is right, the fact remains that there is wide discontent in Kansas. And into this fertile soil the opposition to the New Deal has been plowing with great industry. Up to now the opposition has made little or no headway in the matter of formulating a program of its own.

A Very Alluring Package

Back during the 1934 congressional election a farm editor visited New York. He told me a farmer friend had received a letter from the Democratic Committee reminding him that the Democratic AAA had sent him a check for \$297. Next day the G. O. P. Committee sent him a letter telling him the Democrats were violating the Constitution. Now, said the editor, the Republicans will get somewhere when they send that farmer a letter saying: "The Democrats have sent you a check for \$297. Put us in office and we'll send you one for \$397."

The Republicans are moving in that direction. That's what the new slogan: "An American Price for the American Market on the Homestead of the Free" means.

It calls for a two-price system. No crop control, no red tape, no papers to sign, no inspectors and regulations. The crop will be divided into two parts—that part needed to supply the home market; the part left over for export to Europe. On the home part of the crop the government will guarantee an "American price"—about \$1.00 to \$1.15 a bushel. On the balance the farmer will make whatever he can get in the world market.

This looks good to the Kansas farmer. The Republicans seem to be outbidding the Democrats. They will pay the farmers just as much—but they won't ask them to do anything. It is the popularity of this scheme in Kansas and other wheat states that caused Secretary Wallace to start talking about a two-price system of his own—in which the farmer would get a guaranteed price on the domestic crop and the balance would be dumped, not abroad, but in America among the poor.

But meantime the G. O. P. is pressing its plan. And it is being all wrapped up in a very alluring package. It went over well in November, though vaguely offered, and helped sweep the New Deal out of Kansas. An American price for the Homestead of the Free. I can hear the boys rolling that one over the air waves and on the hustings in 1940. The Homestead of the Free is the well-loved name for the Kansas farm given it by Whittier in his poem, "The Kansas Farmer." The G. O. P. is going to emancipate the homestead from the "dictator," free the farm from the shackles of "regimentation." But it is going to keep the dough a-comin'. There's dynamite in that.

IF I FAILED... WE WERE ALL DEAD MEN

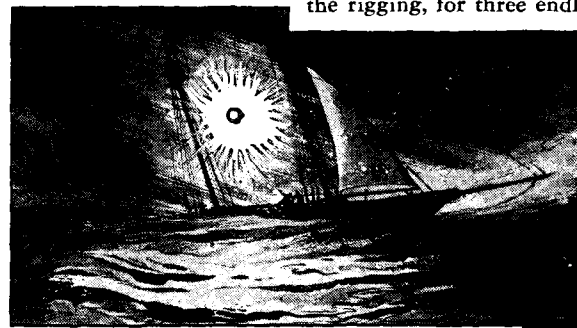
LASHED TO SHROUDS OF SINKING,
BURNING SCHOONER, SAILORS SEE HOPE OF RESCUE FADE



① "The dream of my life, for which I had saved since I first went to sea at twelve, had come true!" writes Capt. Hans Milton of 610 West 111th St., New York City. "I was making my first voyage as master and owner of my own vessel, the two-masted topsail schooner 'Pioneer,' when the hurricane of last September caught us 400 miles off Nantucket.

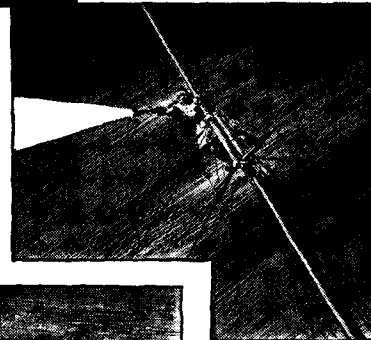


② "We were pumping to keep afloat when we passed into the windless vortex of the storm where the waves were leaping and jumping crazily and where they crashed in our companion ways and filled the ship beyond hope of saving her. The five of us and the cat scrambled aloft for our lives. Our deck-load of lumber kept us afloat and without fresh water and with almost no food we lived, lashed to the rigging, for three endless days and nights.



③ "Once a steamer hove in sight—but failing to see our distress signals, went her way. At 3 a.m. on the fourth morning steamer lights showed momentarily over the wild sea. We rigged a huge ball of sails and blankets, soaked it with gasoline, touched it off and hoisted it aloft.

④ "But the steamer did not change her course. She thought we were fishing. The wind blew burning fragments back on the ship setting her afire in various places. I could see the stern light of the steamer going away from us. If I couldn't stop her, we were all dead men! I climbed to the fore-top and in desperation pulled my flashlight from my back pocket and in Morse code signalled 'Sinking... SOS... Help!'

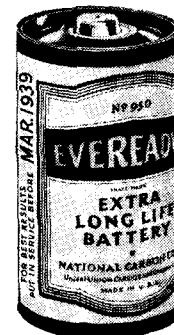


⑤ "Slowly, I saw the ship turn! In her last hour afloat, all of us and the cat were saved from the sinking, burning 'Pioneer' by those fine seamen of the United States Liner 'American Banker' and by the power of two tiny 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries that stood by us in the blackest hour of our lives.

(Signed) *Capt. Hans Milton*

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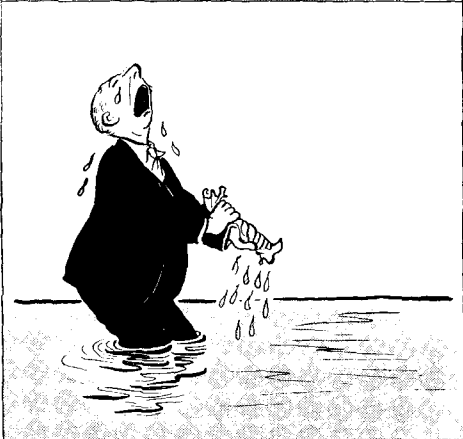
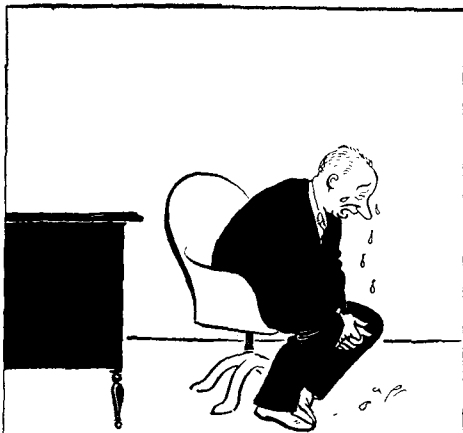
Dora Steinberg,
Teacher, Baltimore

“The alkaline factor in Luden's helps contribute to alkaline reserve. Many physicians advise building up the alkaline reserve when one has a cold.”

LUDEX'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

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Is the Crying Jag Over?



THIS is the time of year when editorial writers, columnists and such habitually try to figure out for their customers what the year just closing meant or proved, if anything.

Usually it turns out to have meant or proved just what each particular summer-upper wishes it had. We'll be hearing a good deal in these first days of 1939 about how the world now knows that the democratic nations must have no more truck with dictators (or that Neville Chamberlain deserves the Nobel Peace Prize for 1938) . . . that America must arm (or must disarm) . . . that President Roosevelt should (or should not) go straight ahead with the New Deal . . . and so on.

Well, here goes our summing-up for 1938:

We don't hope that any major historical or political streams changed course in 1938. We merely hope, and we feel fairly justified in believing, that 1938 witnessed a change in the prevailing mood of the American people. We hope and believe that 1938 was the year when the great American crying jag passed its climax and began heaving toward a quick end.

The crying jag set in shortly after the October, 1929, crash. It spread out from Wall Street in great waves of tears and lamentations. In almost no time, the majority of us were standing around weeping on one another's shoulders. And the act went on for nine full years at least, making every show in our history except Uncle Tom's Cabin look like a piker.

On every side during these nine years, we have been hearing moans, yowls and even popular songs about how tough and terrible life is in this country for youth, for age, for men over 40, for people out of work, for part-time workers, for full-time workers, for work relievers, for home relievers, for farmers, for little businessmen, for big businessmen, for speculators and investors and savings-bank depositors, for mortgagors and mortgagees, for your Dutch uncle, for my old man.

We have been wallowing in a national good cry. Psychologists say that a good cry once in a while unburdens the soul of man, woman or child. If that is true, then an occasional good cry ought not to do a nation any harm either.

But hasn't a crying jag that has gone on for nine years gone on about long enough?

Everybody is entitled to feel sorry for himself or herself from time to time. There's no law against feeling sorry for yourself all the time.

But it is foolish and dangerous to let self-pity become a fixed mental habit. A person is wise to guard against falling into such a brain and heart rut. So, we believe, is a nation.

Not that life isn't mainly a riddle for most people, and a tough riddle at that. It always was, still is, probably always will be. This is true even in the

United States, whose worst troubles at this time (knock wood) look like moonlight and roses by comparison with the miseries running rampant in Europe and Asia.

The trouble with self-pity is that it drains away its victim's power to face up to the riddle of life and keep on hammering away at it. Self-pity gradually paralyzes its victim mentally and spiritually, if not always physically. It robs him of any capacity he may once have had to rear up on his hind legs and do something definite and aggressive toward removing or reducing whatever cause life may have dealt him for feeling sorry for himself. It is the most corrosive of human emotions.

It may be true that young people of today have shorter and fewer opportunities than when the country was in its first youth. But the easiest way to muffle and miss even those chances is for young people to sit around and moan about life's cruelty to them. The same reasoning goes for all the groups listed in the sixth paragraph of this editorial. And those groups, put together, add up to just about all of the American people.

For a people, there is another danger in self-pity. By sitting around and singing sad songs to one another instead of getting up and bucking into life, we condition our minds to fall for the blandishments of various fakers and phonies—Townsend Planners, scrip teasers à la California, politicians who promise us the moon, and that the moon will not turn out to be made of green cheese; labor leaders who promise their followers practical ownership of the factories, and so on and so forth.

If too many of us at one time ever fall for one of these gents or ladies, and follow him or her far enough, we'll wreck our whole setup, without knowing in advance what setup we'll get in exchange.

Well, as we remarked at the start, we seemed to sense, toward the end of 1938, a nationwide shifting away from the national nine-year itch of self-pity; seemed to feel the American spirit beginning at last to bounce back like a rubber ball from the deeps of despond.

We haven't a raft of concrete evidence to back up this belief. We have mainly a strong hunch that it is so. We earnestly hope it is. There is a lot in the theory that your mental state affects your physical condition. It is a notorious fact that a courageous, reasonably hard-cooked attitude toward life and the world drives a person into the kind of action that produces results. It is equally notorious that cowards and crybabies almost never get anywhere except below the salt.

Let's speed the departure of what's left of the great American crying jag of 1929-38, and get realistic again. Realistic like, say, Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Grover Cleveland or Theodore Roosevelt.





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For 1939 TWO FORD CARS WITH WINNING WAYS

THE warm reception given the new Fords reflects the greater value built into them for 1939.

Each car is distinctive in design, yet each has something of the fine streamlining of the Lincoln-Zephyr—recognized style leader. Interior appointments are in keeping with outward beauty. Every detail is styled for good taste and good service. Both are big, roomy cars, equipped with hydraulic brakes and powered with the V-8 engine that gives so much extra smoothness.

New quiet has been built into every part of

these cars. New seat construction, flexible transverse springs, and big shock absorbers provide triple-cushioned comfort.

Both 1939 Ford cars express the forward-looking policy of the Ford Motor Company which combines progressive engineering with traditional Ford dependability and economy.

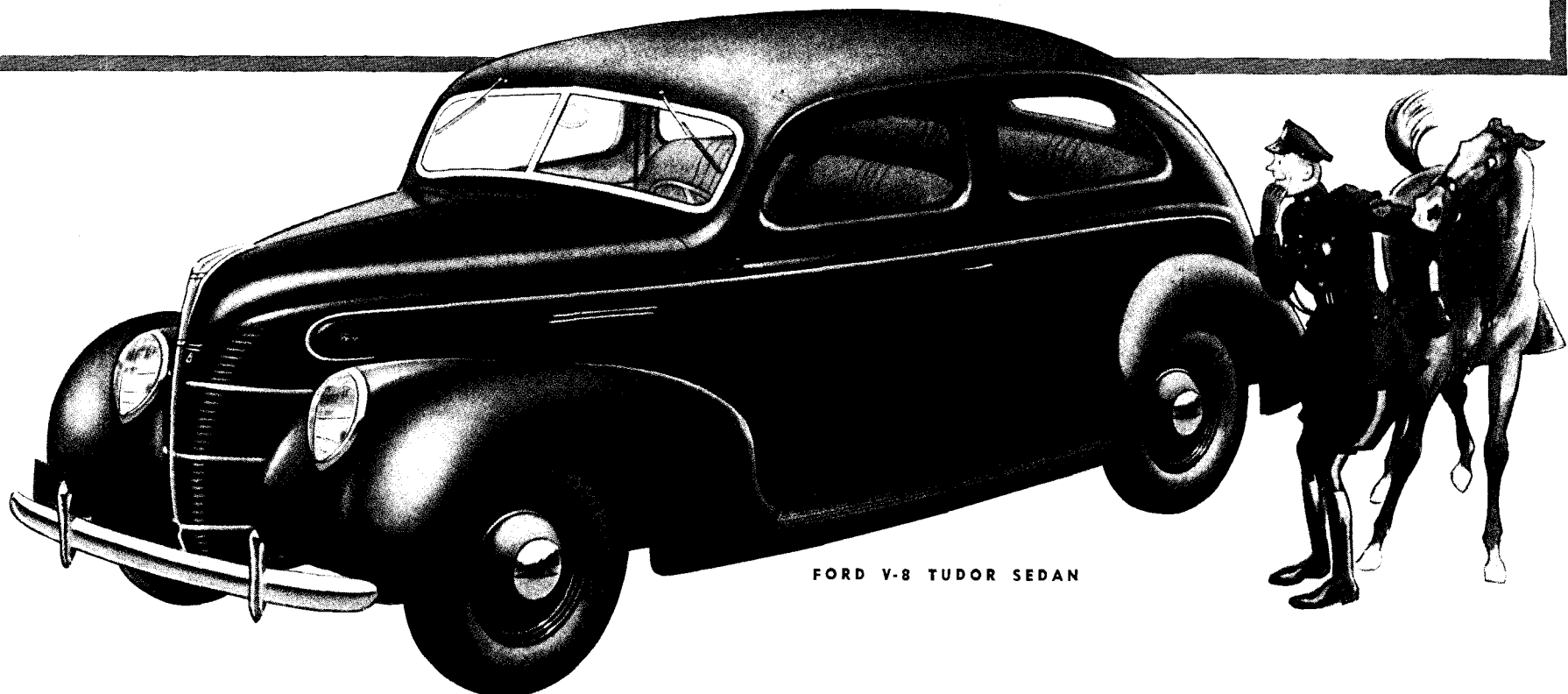
They are Ford-priced—great values at low prices. Both bring new meaning to the phrase, "The Quality Car in the Low-price Field."

Ford Motor Company, makers of Ford, Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Lincoln motor cars

FORD FEATURES FOR 1939

ADVANCED STREAMLINING
NEWLY STYLED INTERIORS
V-TYPE 8-CYLINDER ENGINES*
HYDRAULIC BRAKES
SCIENTIFIC SOUNDPROOFING
TRIPLE-CUSHIONED COMFORT
ALL-STEEL BODIES
LOWER PRICES

*60 or 85 hp. in Ford, 85 hp. in De Luxe Ford
FORD-BUILT MEANS TOP VALUE

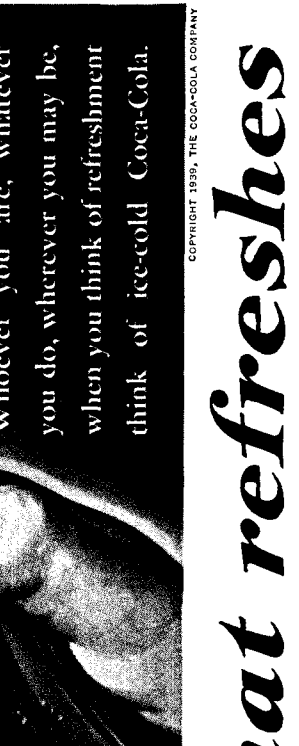
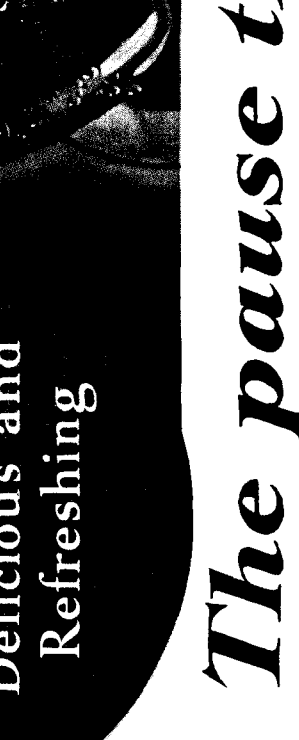


FORD V-8 TUDOR SEDAN

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The pause that refreshes